



A YANKEE GIRL AT VICKSBURG

ALICE TURNER CURTIS

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THEY MADE MANY A HAPPY PLAN IN THE FRAGRANT
TWILIGHT

A YANKEE GIRL AT VICKSBURG

BY
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"A Yankee Girl at Fort Sumter", "A Yankee Girl at
Bull Run", "A Yankee Girl at Shiloh", "A
Yankee Girl at Antietam", "A Yankee
Girl at Gettysburg"



Illustrated by CHARLES GARNER

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A Yankee Girl at Vicksburg

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“A Yankee Girl at Vicksburg”

A Yankee Girl at Vicksburg

CHAPTER I

JUNE AND CLAUDIA

FOR some weeks after her arrival at her Aunt Emily's, in Vicksburg, Mississippi, little June Prescott declared that her uncle's house was on the side of a mountain. For to the little Yankee girl, whose own home was in a village in Maine, the high bluffs on which the city of Vicksburg is built did indeed seem like a mountain.

From the upper veranda of her aunt's home June could look off to more distant hills, many of them covered with growing crops, or she could turn her glance to the slow-moving waters of the Mississippi River that flowed below the bluffs, watching the river craft passing up and down, hearing the shrill whistles of the river steamboats, and, nearer at hand, the songs of the negroes as they loaded or unloaded the cargoes of the boats.

Next door to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lau-

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rence, June's uncle and aunt, was a large house nearly covered by the flowering vines of honeysuckle and climbing roses; and in its gardens were tulip trees, and one tall sycamore whose wide-spreading branches nearly touched the upper veranda of the Laurence house.

On the morning after her arrival June had run out on this veranda to take a look at the "Queen City of the Bluffs," as her Uncle Philip called Vicksburg. She had been there only a moment when she noticed that the leaves and branch of the big tree were moving queerly. The October morning was warm; there was no wind stirring, and as June's glance centered on the tree she wondered if wild animals came prowling down from those dense forests of cottonwood and cypress that grew beyond the city; and as the big branch swayed up and down June turned to run toward the door, sure that a wildcat or some strange beast was crawling along the limb, when a soft call made her stop and look back:

"Wait! Little Yankee girl! Wait! I'm coming to see you!" and the surprised June saw a slender little figure swing out from the branch of the sycamore and land lightly on the end of the veranda: a little girl no older than June her-

self—a girl with black curling hair, wearing a dress of yellow muslin, who now stood smiling at June, and saying:

“I am Claudia Appleby! What is your name?”

“June Prescott,” replied June, wishing that her own hair could be exactly like Claudia’s instead of yellow. “However did you get here?” she added.

And Claudia had happily explained that she had a playhouse among the branches of the big tree. “Come and see it,” she urged, starting back to the swaying branch. But June was not to be persuaded to swing off from that high veranda on the branch of a tree and crawl down to the little platform that was Claudia’s playhouse.

“Well, then we’ll have to go down the stairs and along the street to our gate,” Claudia had said. June was quite ready to do this, and had followed Claudia, climbing the little wooden ladder against the trunk of the big sycamore to the railed-in platform at the crotch of the tree where Claudia kept many treasures, and where the two little girls henceforth spent many happy hours together.

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That had been the beginning of the friendship between June and Claudia, in 1860, when they were each nine years old; and when June had been quite sure that her visit in Vicksburg would last only until the following summer, when, it was planned, Aunt Emily would take her back to her father and mother, to the little Maine village.

But before the summer of 1861 came, a number of Southern States had seceded from the Union; President Abraham Lincoln had determined that slavery must end, and war between the Northern and Southern States had begun.

To journey from Vicksburg to Maine would have been a difficult, if not an impossible undertaking, and so June's stay lengthened, and the spring of 1863, when her twelfth birthday was near at hand, found the little Yankee girl still a member of her aunt's family in the big Vicksburg house, and the city surrounded by all the dangers of contending armies.

June had seen a Yankee fleet sail up the river, in 1862, vainly attack the defenses of Vicksburg, and sail away. She heard her Uncle Philip declare that the Confederates were strengthening

the Vicksburg defenses, and that it could never be captured.

“Grant’s army is on the other side of the river; ’twill be well for him to stay there,” she heard more than one person declare, and Claudia Appleby often assured June that the Confederate General J. E. Johnston and General Pemberton would soon drive Farragut’s fleet and Porter’s gunboats from the Mississippi River.

“You need not be a Yankee girl any longer, June,” Claudia would say. “Why, you have lived here three years now, and you say yourself that Vicksburg is lovelier than Mercer.”

“No, no, Claudia! Not lovelier. I said it was larger and finer! And so it is, with all its big houses, and its churches, and beautiful flowers. And Mercer is but a tiny village far up among the hills, but it is a lovely place,” June loyally declared, wishing with all her heart that she was back in the square white house on Mercer’s main street where her father and mother and her two elder sisters lived.

“And, Claudia, don’t you see? I have to be a Yankee girl, just as you have to be a Southern girl!”

Claudia nodded soberly. “I reckon so,” she

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agreed; "but we are both American girls just the same, aren't we?" and June happily agreed, for she was sure that Claudia was not only the prettiest little girl she had ever seen but one of the kindest. Ever since June came to her aunt's house she had tried to speak in the same soft tones that Claudia spoke; and as the months of her stay lengthened into years June's aunt would often say that her little niece was far more like a Southern girl than a little girl from the state of Maine, and this always delighted June, for she thought her Vicksburg friends and school-mates could not be surpassed, and she had now lived so long among them that they seldom remembered that she was a little Yankee girl.

Claudia and June were both delighted when they discovered that their birthdays came only three days apart—June's birthday on June 15th and Claudia's on the 18th.

"Let's promise to always have birthday parties together!" Claudia had eagerly suggested, in the first year of June's stay.

"But we can't!" June had soberly reminded her. "You see, Claudia, just as soon as General Grant ends the war I shall go home to Maine."

Claudia's musical little laugh made June look

at her questioningly, and Claudia suddenly grew sober.

“Junie, dear, you are so funny to talk that way. Don’t you know that the Yanks can’t win the war? Why, they cannot capture Vicksburg for all their ships in the river, and their army on the other side,” and the little Southern girl put her arm about June’s shoulder as if to comfort her.

That was just before their tenth birthday, in 1861. In 1862 their birthdays had been passed happily in the Appleby garden, playing games with four other little girls, and then sitting down to a fine birthday supper under the old sycamore; and now, in April, 1863, both Claudia and June were counting the weeks until the arrival of their twelfth birthday.

“Let’s begin to plan now what we’ll do on our birthdays,” said Claudia one April day when the two little girls were on the veranda of the Laurence house.

June shook her head soberly. “I don’t believe we can make plans so far ahead, Claudia,” said June, pushing her chair out of the bright sunlight.

“Oh, Junie! Plans are fun,” declared Claudia.

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“Maybe we can have a picnic on Sky Parlor Hill.”

June agreed that it would be a fine plan. She liked nothing better than to walk up this hill and look off toward the Federal encampment, to gaze down toward a point called “Brown and Johnson’s Landing,” and see the passing of trains of wagons. Often she could see troops and mounted men on the opposite shore, and June knew that these were Northern troops; and often June had looked down upon the gunboats that stood out in the river like sentinels, and thought how wonderful it would be if she could sail down the Mississippi on one of those boats, and then journey to Maine. For it seemed a long time to June since she had seen her mother; and now, as Claudia talked happily on of birthday plans June’s thoughts were with the Northern gunboats that lay in front of Vicksburg, and she was wondering if when they sailed away, as they must surely do some day, she could not go with them and reach her own home. Union soldiers would help a little Yankee girl to reach home, she thought. “Anyway, I mean to try,” she exclaimed aloud.

“Try what?” asked Aunt Emily, as she

stepped out on the veranda just in time to hear June's exclamation.

But it was Claudia who answered.

"Oh, Mrs. Laurence! We are making plans for our twelfth birthday."

Mrs. Laurence smiled. She was well pleased that June and Claudia were such fast friends. Mrs. Laurence, as well as June, often wished it were possible to return to her Northern home; but Mr. Laurence believed in the Confederate secession, and Vicksburg was their home; so she never spoke of her own far-away home, and hoped her little niece would be happy and contented.

As Aunt Emily seated herself near June, a negro brought out a tray and set it upon a low table.

"Thank you, Henry," said Mrs. Laurence, and the smiling darkey disappeared.

"Is it orange juice, Aunt Emmy? And chocolate cake!" exclaimed June delightedly, as her aunt filled three glasses from the tall glass pitcher, and bade the little girls help themselves to the heart-shaped cakes heaped on a silver plate.

And as she sat in the shady veranda beside Aunt Emmy, with Claudia laughingly declaring

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that the chocolate cakes were the nicest things in the whole world, June forgot for the moment all her plans to become a passenger on one of the Union gunboats.

CHAPTER II

“THE ADVENTURES OF ROSALIND”

CLAUDIA declared that June's descriptions of the little hillside village in far-off Maine were “just like stories in a book,” and she liked nothing better than to hear of the snowstorms when fields and pastures were as white as the cotton fields beyond Vicksburg. Over and over June told her of the “snow men” and figures made of the snow by the children, until the little Southern girl began to think that a Maine village must be the most delightful place to live.

“Tell me about ‘patchwork quilts,’” Claudia would say, with her musical little laugh that always made June think of brooks dancing over silvery pebbles; and then June would describe a quilt that she had made as a present for her grandmother.

“Mother said that quilt is like a book about our family,” said June, “because it is made of pieces of cloth, calicoes and gingham and percales, left from Mother's dresses and from mine,

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and from my sisters'. 'Tis made star-pattern, and I sewed every stitch of it."

"Do you think I could make a quilt," Claudia asked eagerly one day after listening to June's story of quilts of various patterns, "as a present for my mother? And, oh, June! There's a box of bits of silk, pounds of pieces, in an old trunk, and Mother said I could take whatever I wanted for dolls' clothes! Would it not be fine to make a silk quilt?"

"'Twould be a lovely present," June responded thoughtfully, "and I am sure I can cut out the pattern for a star quilt. It is made of diamond shaped pieces, five of them, fitted together to make a star. Let's get some paper and scissors and I'll show you," and in a little while June had succeeded in making an excellent paper pattern for the proposed quilt. Claudia understood that each bit of silk must be cut a little larger than the paper pattern, and its edges basted carefully down, before beginning to sew it to the diamond that would help form the star.

For a number of days Claudia's playhouse was littered with bits of bright silk, and both the little girls sewed diligently. But the days were grow-

ing very warm, and gradually they lost interest in fitting stars of violet silk to stars of pale green brocade, and one warm morning Claudia declared that she would not finish the quilt until Colonel Pemberton had driven the Yankees back to their homes. At June's laughing declaration that she guessed by that time they would be too old to sew, Claudia had laughed in response, and the pretty silks and pieced-up squares for the quilt had been bundled back into the trunk, and were, for the time, forgotten.

June had quickly accustomed herself to seeing Claudia swing from the sycamore branch to the veranda of the Laurence house, and it was not long before she, too, was able to make her way easily along the stout branch and lower herself to the platform of Claudia's playhouse. And there, hidden among the silvery leaves, with the fragrance of roses, honeysuckles, and vague sweet scents from fields and woods, the two girls passed many happy hours.

Claudia would sometimes bring a book from the house and the two little girls would take turns in reading aloud, for this was the amusement that Claudia liked better than any other. She knew many poems, and one of these June

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was always asking her to repeat. June always called it the "lamb poem," and Claudia would laugh delightedly whenever June declared that she could "see" the poem.

"It was written 'most a hundred years ago," Claudia had carefully explained to June, "by an Englishman named William Blake."

"I don't care; I like it just as well as if you wrote it yourself, Claudia," June would say, and then Claudia would begin:

"Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping sounds of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:—

"'Pipe a song about a lamb;'
So I piped with merry cheer.
'Piper, pipe that song again,'
So I piped; he wept to hear.

"'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy song of happy cheer;'
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"'Piper, sit thee down and write,
In a book that all may read ——'
So he vanished from my sight,
And I plucked a hollow reed.

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"And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear."

And always as Claudia finished she would smile at June and June would smile back at Claudia, and both the girls afterward declared that it was the "lamb" poem that first made them think of "The Adventures of Rosalind."

Claudia had been reading aloud from a story-book, and it was June's evident lack of interest that made her cease reading and exclaim:

"Junie! You're not paying any attention!"

"Hear those mocking-birds!" responded June, looking down into the garden where a number of birds were all singing as if to tell the world what a happy place a Vicksburg garden could be.

Claudia closed the book impatiently. "Let's you and I write a story!" she said, and instantly June had forgotten the mocking-birds, and was leaning toward Claudia as eager and interested as it was possible for a girl to be.

"Oh, Claudia! That will be splendid. Let's begin now. Let's write about birds," she exclaimed.

But Claudia shook her head. "No. It must

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be a story!" she declared soberly. "And we can't begin it now, Junie; we must buy some nice white paper and some pencils."

June agreed, thinking as she often did that Claudia was not only the prettiest girl she had ever known but the most clever; and the two girls forgot that General Pemberton, who commanded the defenses of Vicksburg in April, 1863, had that very week warned the residents of the city that Federal troops might attack at any moment. Both June and Claudia knew of the "safety caves" that had been dug in the shelter of the bluffs, in which people meant to take refuge if the gunboats fired upon the city, but on this pleasant April morning neither of the girls thought of these things as they eagerly made plans for the book they meant to write.

"We won't tell anyone, will we, Claudia? Not until it is finished. Then we'll have it printed—a really, truly book! I guess everybody will be surprised when they see it!" said June.

"And it must be as secret as secret!" Claudia solemnly agreed. "Let's make a vow never to let anyone know that we are writing a real book."

June nodded, and Claudia went on: "We'll

both hold up our right hands," and instantly June's right hand was held up and Claudia's quickly followed.

"And we, June Prescott and Claudia Francesca Appleby, hereby vow and promise that we will keep secret to ourselves the book we mean to write: that is until it is printed," said Claudia, and June repeated it after her.

"Maybe we'd better write it in a thick blank book, like one of those Uncle Philip keeps accounts in," suggested June, and Claudia thought this an excellent idea. "We'll get Mammy Chloe to go with us and buy one this very afternoon," she said, "then we can begin writing tomorrow."

"Mammy Chloe" was the negro woman who had taken care of Claudia ever since she was born, and was never far away from the little girl. Even when Claudia and June were in the sycamore playhouse, "Mammy" was sitting with her sewing at the foot of the tree, where she could hear the sound of their voices.

The thick blank book was purchased that very afternoon, and then came the question where it could be concealed so that no one would discover it.

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"I'll lock it up in my rosewood box," suggested June, "and put the key on this chain," and she touched the slender gold chain on which swung the locket that held the pictures of her mother and father.

"That will be splendid!" said Claudia, who knew that the polished rosewood box, a gift from Aunt Emily, was one of June's dearest possessions.

And now came the great question as to what their story should tell. Claudia, who had heard many stories about the Indians who had formerly lived in the swamps and forests along the Mississippi, suggested that they should write about Indians.

But June shook her head. "I don't believe girls like Indian stories. Let's write the kind of a story we'd like to read ourselves."

"About a girl who gets lost!" Claudia eagerly suggested, and June added:

"And we'll tell what happened to her. Why, she might even be adopted by fairies!"

"Oh, Junie! Of course she might! Or she might have a truly little house of her own, in a tree, maybe; and birds might tell her secrets," said Claudia, her dark eyes shining with delight.

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“Let’s begin right away. And we’ll call the girl ‘Rosalind.’”

“That’s just the right name for a book,” decided June. “We can call it ‘Adventures of Rosalind,’” and that very afternoon the first chapter was written.

The two girls would talk over each chapter before June wrote it down; for June wrote more clearly than Claudia and, as Claudia readily admitted, could spell more correctly. “And it’s better to have it all in one handwriting,” she had added.

But it was Claudia who could imagine and describe the most wonderful adventures, and June would scribble hurriedly on odd bits of paper as Claudia talked, and then when alone in her room would carefully rewrite them as a part of the book.

“Rosalind” would often have the most amusing things happen to her; and as Claudia would tell of Rosalind deciding that it would be much pleasanter to fly through the air than walk along a dusty road, and taming two big eagles so they would come at her call and be harnessed to a stout basket that Rosalind would fasten between them, and in which she would ride securely, guid-

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ing the eagles in whatever direction she wanted to go, June would chuckle with delight, and declare that Claudia's stories were much better than those in books.

June, however, liked better to tell of the small house that Rosalind built and furnished for herself, after discovering that she had wandered too far into the forest to return home until someone came to find her. Claudia was as much pleased with June's description of the little house, built in the crotch of a big tree and roofed with leaves, as June was with Claudia's eagles; and Mrs. Laurence on the upper veranda of her house, and Mrs. Appleby through the open windows, would hear the gay laughter of the two happy girls as they sent Rosalind skimming through the air, or watched her bake chocolate cakes and fill cream tarts in her tiny kitchen.

Each night June would carefully lock the book safely in her rosewood box, and slip the little silver key on her chain. The box held other treasures besides "*Adventures of Rosalind*," for, wrapped in soft tissue paper, at the bottom of the box lay a small silken flag of the Union. Two years ago her father had sent it to her, and had written her a letter about the flag telling of

all it meant to loyal Americans; and this flag was one of June's treasures. She would have liked to hang it in her room, but Aunt Emily bade her put it away. "Uncle Philip believes in the justice of the Confederate cause; if your uncle were not lame he would be with the Southern troops. So you see, dear, it wouldn't be fair to him to put up the Union flag in his house," Aunt Emily had explained; and June, a little sadly, had agreed.

But she sometimes took the silken flag from the box and recalled what her father had written her about it. That it was the symbol of Justice and Freedom, he had said; that it meant all men could have equal rights under the government of the United States. June well knew all the sacrifices that Northern and Southern men had endured together to establish a government under which people could live in security.

Only one other person besides Aunt Emily had seen June's flag; this was Stella, the negro girl who was known as "Missy June's gal," and who took care of June's room, kept her clothing in order, and was supposed to go with the little Yankee girl whenever she left the Laurence place. It was Stella who brought the big can

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of hot water each morning to June's chamber, and who, as June wrote to her mother, "waits on me as if I were a baby;" and one day Stella came into the room to find June holding the Stars and Stripes and singing softly:

" 'Tis the star-spangled banner,
And long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave.' "

"My lan', Missy! W'ot yo' doin'? Put dat outer sight. Quick!" and Stella pointed to the flag, and looked around fearfully.

"Don' yo' know dar's war gwine on right in dis city 'bout dat flag? Don' eber let nobody knows yo' got it," continued Stella, who was well past twenty and fully realized that to display, in the spring of 1863, a Union flag in the city of Vicksburg, that stronghold of the Southern army, was indeed dangerous even for a little girl.

"I reckon dat flag would get yo' a passage in one ob dose gunboats de Yanks keeps a-sailin' up an' down de ribber. I reckons it might get us bofe a passage!" continued Stella hopefully, for she had made up her mind that wherever Missy June went she would also go.

June had made no answer, but Stella's words remained in her thought: that her Union flag might win her a chance to return to her own home. But after Stella's warning June no longer took the flag from the bottom of the rosewood box; and as the April days passed she and Claudia gave more and more time to "Rosalind" who, at the beginning of the third chapter, had been adopted by the Queen of the River Fairies, and had been given the power to float over the water.

"Why, she could go to any of those old Yankee gunboats and find out just what they meant to do," Claudia declared. "Maybe she could get the fairies to cut holes in the Yanks' vessels and sink every one of them! Let's have Rosalind do that, Junie!"

But Junie had disappeared. Claudia wondered a little what had sent June off without a word of explanation. But it did not even occur to her that June would not want the Yankee gunboats sunk.

Claudia took it quite for granted that her friend was sure to want whatever she wanted, and, as the day was warm and Mammy Chloe was near by for company, Claudia decided it was a

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good time for a nap, and made herself comfortable on the wide cushioned seat that ran along one side of her playhouse, and was soon fast asleep.

"I couldn't let Rosalind do that. I couldn't write that down. If Rosalind does anything in this war she must help me get home," thought June, as she wandered through the Appleby garden and found herself near the gate that opened on the street leading up to Sky Parlor Hill, and instantly June resolved to walk up the hill.

The street was shaded by sycamore trees; here and there the white magnolias leaned from over garden walls; pink crape myrtles, clustering passion vines and climbing roses drooped in fragrant wreaths from terrace railings, and June thought, as she so often did, that no city could be more lovely. She even wondered why she was so eager to leave it.

"I guess it's because Mother and Father are not here," she decided as she reached the summit of the hill and looked off toward the Federal encampment. An officer in a grey uniform was watching the encampment through a spy-glass, and as he lowered the glass he nodded to June.

"Like to take a look?" he said, and June

eagerly agreed. The friendly soldier held the glass and adjusted it so that the little girl could see perfectly, and as the glass was pointed toward the gunboats she exclaimed:

"There's a man in a blue uniform on the deck of that first boat! He is looking right at us with a spy-glass."

The Confederate made no reply, and June now watched little tugboats going from gunboat to transport. Then turning the glass toward the shore on the opposite side of the river, she could see troops and mounted men, and groups of tents.

"Are all those Yankees?" she asked a little timidly, as she looked up at the friendly officer.

"No danger, young lady, as long as the Mississippi River keeps them on that side," he said smilingly, and then added, as if thinking aloud:

"If they did but know it they could cross below Vicksburg to the south, and, with their gunboats to help, the Yanks might get us after all."

June listened in amazement. It was the first time she had heard anyone even suggest that Vicksburg could ever be taken by Union forces; and as the officer bade her good-bye and sauntered off June repeated to herself what he had said: that, if the Yankees would cross the river

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below Vicksburg, they might with the aid of their gunboats take Vicksburg. "And if they did, I guess that would end the war, and I could go home, and Aunt Emily would go with me," thought June; and then suddenly came another thought: "I ought to tell the Union general what that man said! I'm a Yankee girl. I must tell him."

CHAPTER III

DOWN THE RIVER

JUNE was bareheaded, and the soft April breeze had ruffled her yellow hair, and more than one person turned to look after the little girl in her dainty dress of white muslin with its lace-edged ruffles, who hurried down the slope. For a little white girl to be out bareheaded, and without an attendant "Mammy" or negro girl was not a usual sight in Vicksburg; and June's shining slippers, silken sash, and her dancing yellow hair were sufficient proof that she was not of the class who permitted their children to run about the streets without someone to look after them.

But June hardly knew that anyone else was on the street; her thoughts centered on what the Confederate officer had said, "If the Yanks knew," and that she, June Prescott, a little Yankee girl, could tell General Grant that he could end the war, as June thought, by crossing the Mississippi below the city and attacking it from the south. She could not then even imagine what such an attack would mean: that it meant shells

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hurled into Vicksburg from attacking gun-boats; that it would mean the thunder of cannons from Vicksburg batteries, and the destruction of the pleasant homes that lined the streets. All June's thoughts were that war between North and South would end, and that she would go sailing off happily with Aunt Emily to her own home.

"I must get across the river," she decided, as she turned at the foot of the hill and entered a road that ran toward the levees that bordered the river, and that June thought would take her straight to the water's edge. She quickly realized that this road was not as easy to run on as the smooth street from which she had turned, and she became so intent in avoiding mud-holes, in jumping to one side when heavy wagons drawn by mules came hurrying down the road, that she did not realize that she was leaving the river behind her and going straight toward the open country beyond the city. She passed a number of negro cabins where women and children looked after her in wondering surprise, but not until she came to where a thick growth of willow trees on both sides of the road shut off all view of fields and hills did she stop to look about her.

"I guess the river's pretty near now; maybe it's just at the end of these willows," she said aloud, and looking back she saw a horse and rider coming over the road she had traveled, and, as they drew near, she discovered the rider to be a woman mounted on a black horse, and they were beside her almost before June had time to get well to one side of the narrow roadway; and when the big horse came to a standstill he was so near that the little girl could easily have touched him, and she looked up in surprise to find herself gazing into the dark eyes of a big, friendly woman who was evidently far more astonished to discover June than June was to be spoken to.

"Well, young miss! And where may you be bound?" asked the woman, leaning from her saddle to get a better look at this little yellow-haired girl who was trudging so steadily over the rough road.

June looked up and smiled, and when June smiled people were sure to smile back; for June's smile brought two dimples into her cheeks, and showed a line of white even teeth, and now the woman smiled back. Without waiting for an answer to her question, she added: "Want to ride? Just put your foot on that stirrup and give

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me your hand," and she leaned further toward June, and reached down a strong brown hand that June firmly grasped, and found herself being drawn up the side of the big horse as if he were a ship and she a part of the cargo.

"There!" exclaimed the woman, as she swung June to a seat behind her, "you just grip hold of me and you'll be all right. Where you bound?" she again asked, as the black horse trotted on.

"I'm going to the river," June answered, thinking to herself that the river must now be close at hand.

Now to June's new friend "the river" meant just one place, and that was a cove some miles down the stream that was called "River-bend," and where Mrs. Holmes, the rider of the black horse, lived.

"I reckon it's mighty lucky I picked you up then. I'm bound that way myself," she said.

June said nothing more, for the horse was now going at a good pace and she found it none too easy to keep her seat, and clutched her companion's cotton dress with both hands. The little girl did not even notice when a turn in the road brought in sight two large forts on the hills above,

nor did she notice that the April afternoon was drawing to an end, and that the road now led among rough forest trees, where long moss swung in the sunshine; but she had begun to feel puzzled that it took so long to reach the river, that had seemed so near when she looked down upon it from Sky Parlor Hill.

"Aren't we most there?" she asked, as the horse slowed to a more moderate pace.

"Mighty near now, honey. Who you going to see?" questioned the woman, but before June could answer she saw the glimmer of water and exclaimed:

"There's the river!" and an instant later in sudden amazement: "But where are the gunboats?" for at this point the Mississippi stretched out without a boat in sight, and the plantation houses, with negroes coming in from the fields, planters and their families on the verandas, young colts in near-by pastures, and cows being driven home, made a scene too peaceful to make gunboats seem even possible.

"Gunboats? They haven't come here yet, and I hope they don't," declared the woman, as she rode up to the house nearest to the river landing. "Here we are, young miss; and you had better

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come in and brush up a bit and have something to eat. You don't happen to be going to Mrs. Landiss, do you? My name is Holmes—Sarah Holmes. Mrs. Sarah Holmes," and the big woman nodded and smiled, and called to a negro boy to take "Blackie," and led the way into the house, with June close beside her.

"But where are the gunboats, Mrs. Holmes? I saw them this very afternoon," said June anxiously.

"Yes, I reckon you did. But it's too shallow along here for most any craft. Those boats won't trouble us much. But you haven't told me where you are bound, nor what your name is," persisted Mrs. Holmes, as a big negress entered the room with a tray on which were tall glasses filled with a cool drink flavored with the juices of fruits.

June drank thirstily, and now looked about the long room where they were seated. The floor was of unpolished wood, and rough and uneven. The walls were of wood also, a soft brown in color, and that seemed to reflect the light from the long windows that opened to the floor. There were two wide sofas covered with grey cloth, one or two square tables, and a few chairs. In one corner was a shallow closet with glass doors, and

behind the glass gleamed and shone cups, bowls, pitchers and plates of pink lustre. June decided they were the loveliest things she had ever seen, and again heard Mrs. Holmes question her as to her name and where she wished to go, and instantly June realized that it would not do to tell either her real name or her errand. "I'll make believe I'm Rosalind," she decided, thinking perhaps now she would have a real adventure to weave into the story, and replied to Mrs. Holmes' question:

"You can call me Rosalind Snow, if you please. And I wanted to get set across the river. I guess I've come to the wrong place," and under Mrs. Holmes' sharp glance June could feel her cheeks flush, and her own glance drooped; she was sure that now Mrs. Holmes would ask: "Is Rosalind Snow your true name?"

But Mrs. Holmes took it quite for granted that the little girl had told her the truth.

"There now! If I haven't been and fetched you miles from where you wanted to go! That's just like me! But since my husband and sons went to war and I've been living alone, I don't seem to be myself. Now, what will your father and mother say? Were they waiting for you?"

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"I—I guess they're waiting for me," faltered June, and at this Mrs. Holmes exclaimed again:

"They'll be frightened. Oh, I ought to learn to attend to my own affairs! Are your mother and father waiting at Vicksburg?"

"No, ma'am. I ——" but Mrs. Holmes interrupted with a sigh of relief:

"Oh, well then, it isn't so bad. They'll just understand that there wasn't any chance of your crossing the river, and they won't worry," and when "Rosalind" explained that she had been visiting her aunt in Vicksburg, Mrs. Holmes was once more ready to smile. "I declare it's worked out just right. I shall admire to have you for company to-night, and to-morrow I'll take you safely back to Vicksburg."

"Could I not cross the river here?" asked June.

"But gracious sakes, Rosalind! If you should cross here your folks never would find you. Why, you'd cross right into a camp of Yankee soldiers! I hear tell there's a lot of 'em marching about around Black River. No, I'll take you to Vicksburg to-morrow morning and tell your aunt all about it; that I jes' picked you up and carried you off. Now you step up-stairs with

me and Jennie'll brush your hair, and we'll have supper."

June followed Mrs. Holmes up the narrow, steep stairway to a big cool chamber that held only a bed, a table and a chair, and a smiling young negress.

"Jennie'll take care of you," Mrs. Holmes said, as she left her little visitor and entered her own room.

"Right into a camp of Yankee soldiers," June was whispering to herself as Jennie brushed her hair, and brought a bowl of water and fresh, sweet-smelling towels, bathing June's hot face and grimy hands, and doing her best to freshen the rumpled muslin dress.

"I'm afraid my Aunt Emily will worry about me!" June suddenly exclaimed, as she sat down at the supper table. "I guess I better start right back home," and for the moment the little girl quite forgot her plan to cross the river and tell the Yankee general what the Confederate officer had said about capturing Vicksburg.

"Now don't you worry, my dear," responded Mrs. Holmes, "but you just write a note, and tell her you are safe with me and that I'll fetch you to Vicksburg, and I'll start Sambo right off

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with it, and your aunt will have it before she has time to worry."

June's face brightened, and when supper was over, Mrs. Holmes led the way to a tiny room that was nearly filled by a huge desk, and seated on a stool June carefully wrote as follows:

"DEAR AUNT EMILY:

"Mrs. Holmes says to tell you I am safe in her house. I will soon be home and tell you all about it.

"From your loving niece,
"JUNE."

This note she gave to Sambo, telling him how to find her Uncle Philip's house, and the young negro started off delighted with an errand that would take him to Vicksburg. Some hours later, without a word of explanation, he left the note at the kitchen door of the Laurences', and when Aunt Emily received and read it she was no wiser than before as to June's whereabouts. "But it is something to know the child is safe," said Uncle Philip, "and, whoever 'Mrs. Holmes' may be, she will surely bring June home in the morning." And believing this no further search that night was made for the little girl.

CHAPTER IV

JUNE AND "ROSALIND"

IT was early twilight when Sambo rode happily off toward Vicksburg, and soon after Mrs. Holmes suggested that "Rosalind" might like to walk down to the landing. "We keep a few canoes and flat-bottomed boats there," she said as they walked across the road to a grassy levee that ran to the water's edge.

A cool air drifted up from the river, and from a near-by cabin came the sound of a banjo, and June wished that Claudia was with her. "She'd think of a splendid adventure for 'Rosalind,'" thought the little girl, and smiled as she remembered that she was now "Rosalind," and started on an adventure that might easily surpass any that Claudia could imagine.

For at the mention of the boats June's resolve to cross the river and find General Grant or General Sherman again seemed possible.

"I know I could manage that little dugout," she thought, as she saw a small canoe made of

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the trunk of a tree hollowed out. This canoe lay close to the levee, with a paddle resting in one end. As June looked at it she noticed beside the paddle a small wooden box, and wondered what was in it.

June was so quiet that Mrs. Holmes decided her little visitor must be tired, and they soon returned to the house. By the time June was ready for bed she had determined to cross the river that very night.

"If I don't go right away I may not get another chance," she thought, remembering how easy it would be to enter the dugout, push it out into the quiet cove, and then paddle across the river.

"And I'll bring it back safely just as soon as I can," thought June.

But when the little girl discovered that she was to sleep in the same room with Mrs. Holmes she did not feel that "Rosalind's" great adventure was going to be so easy a matter.

"I mustn't go to sleep," she resolved, as she bade Mrs. Holmes good-night, "and however can I dress without waking her?"

Mrs. Holmes blew out the light from the oil lamp, and darkness settled over the bare cham-

ber. June lay very quiet, staring toward the two grey squares that were the windows of the room. Far off she heard the bark of a dog, and then all the countryside seemed to sink into stillness. June knew Mrs. Holmes was fast asleep, for she was breathing heavily.

"I mustn't wait any longer," thought June, and, holding her breath as she slipped from the bed, she tiptoed to the chair where her clothes lay and began cautiously to dress. From time to time she stopped to listen, but Mrs. Holmes slept on. June picked up her shoes and started toward the door of the room that opened into a hallway.

The door opened noiselessly, and with a long breath of relief June crept down the stairs, pulled open the outer door and was on the veranda.

But she had been sure of her success too soon; for as the door closed behind her she heard a surly growl, and a huge dog lurched toward her so suddenly that she was hurled off her feet and dog and girl rolled down the low steps to the soft grass below.

For a moment June lay quite still, too frightened to move, sure that this great beast would attack her at her slightest movement. But the

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dog, after a moment's rest beside her, turned and padded softly back to his place in front of the door. Apparently he understood that his duty was to keep people away from that door, but not to bother about them afterward; for when June ventured to sit up, then get to her feet and move slowly away from the house the dog did not even bark; and the little girl fled toward the shore, not stopping until she found herself at the water's edge.

She had held fast to her shoes, and, gradually becoming accustomed to the shadowy darkness of the April night, she was soon able to discover where lay the small canoe in which she meant to start out on an adventure whose dangers she could not even imagine.

Before entering the boat she put on her shoes, then stepping as carefully as possible she got into the canoe, picked up the paddle and with a strong push sent it clear from the shore. June had often been on boating excursions in quiet lakes and peaceful stretches of the Mississippi, and she knew that she must use the paddle carefully, and it was not long before she had left the calm waters of the little cove. Caught by the strong current of the great river, the dugout

darted forward at such a rate that June, no longer daring to use it, carefully drew in the paddle. Crouched in the bottom of the canoe, the little girl peered into the shadowy darkness of the night, listened to the rush of waters about her frail craft, and wondered, a little fearfully, just where she would land. "I mustn't go to sleep," she thought resolutely. But she was tired by her long day, unaccustomed to being awake at so late an hour, and very soon her head began to nod, to droop toward the wooden box at her back; then her eyes closed, and she was fast asleep, and when she awoke the morning sun was shining upon her.

With an exclamation of surprise June sat up and looked about her.

"Why, the canoe must have come straight across the river!" she said aloud, as she discovered her boat fast on a narrow sand-bar that extended from the shore into the river. A number of willows grew almost in the stream, and the canoe was lodged fast among them, so that June grasped one of the branches and stepped out on the sand without trouble.

But June had not, as she believed, landed on the west side of the Mississippi; she was still on

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the Vicksburg side of the river, but many miles below the little cove where she had embarked. The strong current had swept her little boat into one of the bayous that indent the shores, and this one stretched on into the mainland for some distance.

Beyond the willow trees was a little grove of cypress, and in the distance June could see larger trees. Cardinal birds flitted about from tree to tree, the squawk of blue-jays sounded near at hand, and the musical song of the mocking-bird made June for a moment forget her feeling of loneliness.

“Oh! I wonder how far it is to the camp!” she said aloud, looking about her, and wondering that she could not see any house or hear any familiar sound, and beginning to wish herself back in her own pleasant room at Aunt Emily’s, with Stella bringing in fresh clothing, and hot water for the morning bath. Sitting on a moss-covered log, June thought longingly of her Vicksburg home.

“Claudia will just be getting up,” reflected the little girl, and suddenly all her loneliness vanished and she smiled happily.

“Why, I’m just like ‘Rosalind,’” she whis-

pered to herself; "I really am. 'Rosalind' started off for a walk, and then adventures began to happen to her! And I'm sure things are happening to me. For I don't know where I am, and I'm hungry. I wonder what's in that box?" for June's glance had rested on the box in one end of the canoe, that she had noticed when she first saw the dugout, and she scrambled back to the boat, pulled up the cover of the box and looked in.

"Oh! Just old clothes!" she exclaimed, and pulled out an old blouse of blue cotton. But under the blouse was another box, and June lifted its cover and now gave a little nod of satisfaction, for the box was filled with round hard crackers, and instantly June realized that she was hungry, and crouching down in the boat she began to nibble this unexpected breakfast. She was thirsty, but knew that she would better be thirsty than to drink the water of the bayou. But June had only begun on the second cracker when she stopped—listening intently; the soft, even splash of paddles could be plainly heard.

"It's a boat coming down the bayou! Maybe it's Union soldiers!" whispered June, peering eagerly under the branches of the willows, and

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in a moment she could hear not only the sound of the paddles but the murmur of voices, and laughter, and then the sharp bark of a dog.

“Oh! It isn’t soldiers at all! It’s girls!” June exclaimed aloud, as a flat-bottomed boat, paddled by two negro girls, and with a barking dog perched on the bow, shot out from the shadow of the cypress trees; and a moment later June heard a soft voice exclaim:

“Dar’s a boat ’long side de willers. Dat’s w’ot Rob’s barkin’ at.”

CHAPTER V

A GOOD FAIRY

AT the sound of a friendly voice June stood up in the boat, smiling and eager to welcome the newcomers, whose own boat now nearly touched her own, and whose dog was barking, growling, and jumping about as if ready to attack some unseen foe; but in spite of all his noise June was not afraid of him, but when at their first sight of her both the negro girls dropped their paddles and began to scream, June did not know what to make of it.

“What are you screaming about? Stop it!” she exclaimed, “and stop that dog barking at me. I don’t like it!”

For a moment the two negro girls stared at her in silence. Then the elder of the two asked, in a trembling voice: “Be yo’ a nangel or be yo’ jes’ a lille white gal?”

And at this question June began to laugh so heartily that her questioner’s face lost its look of fear, and in a moment the three girls were all

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laughing together while "Ikky," the barking dog, ceased his noise and curled down in one end of the boat as well pleased as if he had conquered an army.

"What ever made you think I was an angel?" asked June, as she left the canoe for the dry land and the two negro girls followed her.

"Wal, yo' sees, Missy, yo' rises right up outer dat em'py boat. An' yo' hair is jes' lak gol' hair; an' yo' dress is white, an'——"

"My dress is spoiled!" declared June, looking sadly down at the limp, soiled muslin that had been so fresh and neat when she ran from Claudia's garden the previous day.

While the larger girl talked with June, the smaller negro girl kept pulling at the scant skirt of her sister and whispering words of caution.

"Yo' dunno now, Hitty! Dis may be a white witch. Com' 'way, Hitty," until Hitty pulled away, and pointing a scornful finger at her sister exclaimed: "Yo' is as bad as if yo' didn' 'know nuthin', Rissa. Dis am a lille white gal!"

It did not take June long to discover that these negro girls lived a short distance up the bayou.

"Ole Miss gwine ter be s'prised ter see yo'," declared Hitty, who had at once taken it for

granted that June must have come on a visit to her mistress, and they both were anxious that June should enter their boat and let them paddle her up the bayou to their mistress's house as quickly as possible.

"Dar's been Yankee boats up fru dis part de lan'," said Hitty, as she and Rissa pushed the flat-bottomed boat around half-submerged trees, and under wreaths of wild grape-vines whose blossoms filled the morning air with fragrance.

"Yankees?" exclaimed June, wondering if good fortune had brought her straight where she most wanted to be, and thinking happily that she would soon be back in Vicksburg preparing to start on her journey home. But Hitty's response was not encouraging: "Yas'm, Missy. 'Bout month ago, one ob Massa Linkum's boats wid Yankee sojers comes up fru dis bayou, an' carries off a lot ob our turkeys an' ducks, an' only lebes Ole Miss some ob dat no account Yankee money!"

Later on June was to discover that Admiral Porter, of the Union Navy, had hoped to get in the rear of the Vicksburg defenses by following the bayous that penetrated the country for miles inland. This expedition was known as the Yazoo

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Pass expedition; and a number of Porter's gun-boats made a brave attempt to push through narrow channels and surprise the enemy. But the Confederates were wide-awake, full of energy and resource, and Porter's expedition was quickly turned back.

The Yankee boat, of which Hitty spoke, was doubtless one of the boats connected with this expedition that had kept on and made its way through all the difficulties and dangers until it reached the peaceful bayou where June now so unexpectedly arrived.

After paddling for a full half-hour the boat came into a calm, peaceful stretch of water; the trees along the banks were monarchs of the forest; and beyond these June could see cornfields, grazing cattle, and on a little terrace a number of buildings.

"Dat's Ole Miss's place!" announced Rissa; "she lib dar all 'lone."

In a few moments the boat reached a landing place and June, closely followed by Hitty and Rissa, and with "Ikky" darting ahead as if to take full charge of their arrival, made her way across the levee and up the path toward the house.

June was sure that she had never seen so many

negroes; old black men and women stood in the doorways of cabins looking out in silent wonder at the arrival of a little white girl, bareheaded, and unknown. A dozen black "pickaninnies" came running and jabbering behind them until Hitty threatened them with all sorts of punishments if they did not disappear at once; and as they reached the steps leading to the veranda a negro in a spotless white coat stood looking down at them in evident amazement, while Hitty exclaimed:

"Dis lille Missy com' see Ole Miss!"

Before the man could speak "Ole Miss" herself appeared in the doorway; and, with an exclamation of surprise, came fluttering down the steps.

"Wherever did you come from, child? and who is with you?" she asked, her smiling glance resting kindly on this unexpected stranger.

"We fin's her in de ribber!" Hitty eagerly declared; and Rissa promptly added: "We t'ink firs' dat we foun' an angel!" "Ikky" began to bark loudly, and "Ole Miss's" smile disappeared.

"Whoever heard such a noise? Off with you!" she commanded, as she put an arm about June's

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shoulder and turned toward the house; while Hitty, Rissa and "Ikky" made off as if swept along by an invisible broom.

"Now, child, tell me where are your friends? Who brought you here?" asked "Ole Miss," as she led June into a pleasant room, whose windows overlooked the levee and bayou, and they sat down on a comfortable sofa.

For a moment June did not speak. Suddenly she felt very far away from everyone who cared for her, and wished with all her heart that she could hear Aunt Emily say: "Ready for breakfast, Junie?" and tears came into her eyes as she faltered:

"I'm—I'm lost!"

"Lost!" and "Ole Miss's" voice sounded as unhappy as did that of June. "However can that be? Why, we are miles from any neighbor, and forty miles below Vicksburg——"

"O-ooh!" wailed June. "Forty miles below Vicksburg! O-ooh!" and hiding her face on the cushioned arm of the sofa she cried so bitterly that "Ole Miss" asked no more questions, but comforted her unexpected little guest as best she could; and from June's broken sentences discovered that June had gone to sleep in a boat

and awakened to find herself on a sand-bar, where Hitty and Rissa had discovered her; and at this Miss Antoinette Corley, for that was "Ole Miss's" name, gave a sigh of relief.

"Now, my dear, don't cry," she urged. "Here you are safe with me. Now tell me your name; and you will find me a good fairy who will send you home in a golden coach drawn by eagles!" and she smiled down at June who was gazing at her with such a look of eager surprise that Miss Corley laughed aloud, and said:

"Don't you think I look like a good fairy?"

"Oh, yes, I think you do! Your hair is so silvery and feathery, and your eyes are so soft and shiny, and your dress, too, all green and shimmery like young beech leaves. And when you came down the steps you seemed to float! You are just like a fairy!" June answered, so earnestly that Miss Corley's soft cheeks flushed, and her smile grew even more kind as her glance rested on this strange little girl who had so surprisingly arrived.

"My name is Rosalind Snow," June added, thinking to herself that she really must be Rosalind to have discovered a good fairy.

"A lovely name," agreed Miss Corley smil-

ingly, "and now we must have some breakfast, and Libby will look after some fresh clothes for you. I am so glad you drifted into my bayou. Why, at first I was afraid the Yanks had come."

June's face grew sober. She wondered if she ought not to tell this new friend that she was a little Yankee girl. But Miss Corley, with her arm about the little girl, was leading her toward the door, and June could smell the appetizing odor of bacon, and of freshly baked bread, and realized that she had never before been as hungry as at that moment. And, as she sat at the round table near an open window and ate hot porridge with cream, followed by crisp bacon and batter-bread, while Miss Corley sat beside her and smiled whenever their glances met, it was small wonder that June began to believe that she really had discovered a fairy, who could send her home in a golden coach drawn by eagles. "It's a real *Rosalind* adventure," she thought, quite forgetting her homesickness.

CHAPTER VI

GUNBOATS

WHEN Mrs. Holmes awoke to discover that her little visitor had disappeared her first thought was that "Rosalind," as she supposed June's name to be, had started to walk back to Vicksburg. "I reckon she was homesick," thought the kindly woman, and, deciding that "Rosalind" would have reached her aunt's home long before anyone could overtake her, Mrs. Holmes made no effort in that direction.

Nor did she, until several days later, discover that one of her canoes had vanished. But as the negroes were always coming and going, and as a small "dugout" was of little value, she did not concern herself about this loss or in any way connect it with "Rosalind's" disappearance.

But when June failed to arrive home, as her note to her aunt had promised, on the day following her sudden and mysterious "visit" to an unknown "Mrs. Holmes," both Mr. and Mrs. Laurence were alarmed, and every effort was

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made to discover her whereabouts. More than one "Mrs. Holmes" was called on; but none of these ladies could give a word of information regarding the missing girl. Claudia was the only one who declared that June was "safe somewhere!"

"I'm sure she is!" the little girl would earnestly declare as the days passed and no word came to tell of June's whereabouts.

"Maybe June just walked off and got lost. But that doesn't mean she won't come back! She's sure to come back!" Claudia would say, thinking to herself that perhaps all sorts of wonderful things, adventures not unlike "Rosalind's," might be happening to June; as indeed they were. And Mrs. Laurence soon came to find her greatest comfort in listening to Claudia, and was nearly convinced that her little niece must be safe, and that she would soon see her again.

"Maybe she's better off than she would be here in Vicksburg," Claudia suggested one morning as she swung herself down from the sycamore bough for her daily visit with June's Aunt Emily.

"My mother says the Yankee gunboats will

surely shell the city, and that at the first gun we must run to our cave. And maybe June's in a safer place," said Claudia a little soberly; for Vicksburg people as well as the brave Confederate soldiers who defended this Southern stronghold were beginning to realize that failure after failure would not discourage General Grant from his determination to conquer the city that was declared to be the key that would open the great river to the passage of Union vessels, and whose capture would be an important step toward a complete Union victory.

Claudia had already visited more than one of the caves that had been prepared as a refuge from Yankee shells. They were dug in the slopes of hills, excavations high enough for the tallest person to stand upright. These caves were provided with seats, and, later on in the siege of the city, camp beds, cooking utensils, and a swinging curtain at the caves' entrances.

"If June were only at home we could play housekeeping in those caves, and go visiting from one to another," thought Claudia. "That would be something for 'Rosalind' to do. She could keep house in a cave!" And at once Claudia's imagination was busy with all sorts of

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“Rosalind” adventures; and she decided she must write them down herself.

“June can copy them when she gets home. Oh, I do hope beautiful things are happening to June!” and Claudia’s face became a little serious and anxious, for a whole week had passed since June had left the playhouse and vanished utterly, and Claudia found the time very long.

That very night, the 22nd of April, 1863, five of Admiral Porter’s gunboats, with transports and barges, passed the Vicksburg batteries. Every fort and hilltop sent forth volleys of shot; but the boats got by the four miles of batteries with but little damage, and came to anchor down the river near Carthage.

Watchers at Vicksburg could plainly see the huge black masses of the Union gunboats as they floated down the stream, now and then belching forth fire; and the loud reports rang through the air as the Confederate batteries fired upon them. With gunboats and transports at Carthage General Grant was now confident that he had a prospect of getting in the rear of the defenses of Vicksburg. He might now cross the river; but a siege against almost insurmountable obstructions was still before him.

That night Aunt Emily's thoughts were with June, and she was almost ready to agree that, wherever the little girl might be, June was safer than in the besieged city.

Uncle Philip thought it probable that, as had really happened, June had wandered out of the city limits, and that she was safe in the charge of friendly people who could not find any way of sending news of her to her relatives.

And at "Arden," as June quickly discovered was the name of Miss Corley's plantation, the little Yankee girl was indeed safe and well-cared for. The plantation was so secluded that war had hardly affected it, and June, or "Rosalind" as she now called herself, was not long in discovering that "Ole Miss," as the negroes all called Miss Corley, was nearly as angry at Confederates as she was toward the Yankees.

"Families should not quarrel," she said, as she and June sat together on the vine-shaded veranda, the day after the little girl's surprising arrival. "And Americans are one family. Southern and Northern men should have but one flag: the flag their forefathers won for them." And hearing this June's thoughts fled to her own cherished flag in the rosewood box in her cham-

ber at Vicksburg; and looking at Miss Corley's kindly face, that in the soft evening light seemed more fairy-like than ever, June made up her mind that she must tell this new friend all about herself, "that I am a Yankee girl, and that 'Rosalind' isn't my name. But I won't tell her to-night," she decided; and as she bade Miss Corley good-night June's face was unusually serious.

The next morning as June wandered out to the veranda on the rear of the house the air seemed heavy with a new fragrance. "It's like roses, only thicker; it's just as if someone was boiling roses," thought the little girl, and called to Hitty:

"Hitty, what is it that smells so sweet?"

Hitty's black face seemed to be all a radiant smile as she answered:

"Reckon 't am de rose jam, Missy. Yo' come 'long to de kitchen an' tas'e it bimeby!"

"'Rose jam,'" June repeated to herself, a little horrified at the thought of beautiful roses boiling in a kettle; but the fragrance continued to drift into the house, and June ran to find Miss Corley to ask if it was really true that roses were used to make jam.

“Yes, indeed! ’Tis one of the things that Arden is famed for,” replied Miss Corley. “Come and see the rose-bushes; my great uncle brought the slips of Arden’s first rose-bushes from Roumania, many years ago, and with them the recipe for *Dulceatea*, as the conserve is called in that far-off country,” and Miss Corley led her little guest down a narrow path, hedged on both sides with stoutly growing rose-bushes filled with tiny crimson roses that two colored women were swiftly gathering in deep baskets.

“The jam has to be made before the roses have time to wilt,” said Miss Corley, as the negro women hurried off to the kitchen; “and to make it is a fine art. Our Carpathia attends to it, and is proud indeed to make something that no other plantation near here can produce;” and, sitting in the arbor at the end of the rose path, Miss Corley told June of the time and care that was expended in making *Dulceatea*.

“The roses must be gathered in full bloom, then every petal is carefully plucked. Meantime, Carpathia has a small preserving kettle on the fire with a syrup of sugar and water simmering and bubbling, and, when she has two pounds of rose petals ready, in they go, to be carefully

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watched until they become a part of the boiling syrup.

"Then off comes the kettle, and the 'jam,' luscious and transparent as crystal, and of a ruby red, is put into small glass jars. You shall taste it to-night," Miss Corley concluded, smiling down at the flushed and eager face.

"It sounds like fairy jam!" declared June.

"Why, so it does! And I like that name for it. We'll tell Carpathia that after this *Dulceatea* is to be 'Rosalind's Fairy Jam.'" And when June tasted it that night at supper she thought it the most delicious sweetmeat she had ever known; and she smiled delightedly when Miss Corley opened the door of the preserve closet and showed her a row of small tumblers, each bearing a white label on which was neatly written: "Rosalind's Fairy Jam."

"This will be another thing to tell Claudia," she thought, as she went into the living-room with Miss Corley. And now, suddenly, June carried out her plan to tell Miss Corley and announced:

"I am a little Yankee girl! Truly I am. My real home is in Maine; I'm only visiting Aunt Emily in Vicksburg. And just as soon as

General Grant takes Vicksburg I'm going home."

Even in the dim light June could see Miss Corley's face grow sober and anxious; and there was a little silence before she spoke, but her pleasant voice had the same kindly tone as she said:

"A Yankee girl! From Vicksburg! Tell me truly, child: Were you sent here for any reason? Are there Yankee boats lurking at the mouth of this bayou, seeking to find a route for Grant's soldiers to make their way to Vicksburg?" As she finished speaking Miss Corley leaned forward and her delicate hand clasped June's wrist so firmly that for a moment June felt like crying out; but she kept perfectly quiet, and answered earnestly:

"Oh, no. Truly, it is just as I told you. I know Confederate soldiers, but I have never even spoken to a Yankee soldier, although my father is one."

Miss Corley's grasp loosened and she said kindly: "I believe you, child. I am sure you are honest. And to-morrow we will start a letter to tell your aunt what befell you and where you are; 'tho' it may be delayed it will some day reach

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her; and, until you can safely return to Vicksburg, you must try and be happy with me. I think it great good fortune that Rosalind should really come to Arden," she said, with a little bubbling laugh that made June laugh in response, thinking to herself that she could be happy anywhere with this fairy-like friendly woman; and June, almost unconsciously, resolved that, if she was to stay on in Miss Corley's house, she must be absolutely honest about everything; and starting up from her chair she stood in front of her new friend and said quickly:

"My name isn't Rosalind! Claudia and I made up a 'Rosalind' to write adventures about. My true name is June Prescott."

"Libby! Libby!" called Miss Corley, rising to her feet and turning toward the door without a word to the little girl who stood puzzled and half-frightened, as she heard Miss Corley bid Libby: "Take this girl to her room, and sleep outside her door. Do not let her out of your sight one moment," and, without a word or look toward the unhappy child, Miss Corley entered the house, and Libby came toward the little girl with a friendly chuckle.

"Come, lille Miss; reckon Ole Miss tired,"

she said; "time ter go ter bed," and June silently followed her indoors and up the shining polished stairs to the lovely chamber that Miss Corley had said was to be her own.

Libby chattered on as she helped June make ready for bed, but June hardly knew she was speaking; and when she was in bed, and Libby was curled up at her doorway, the little girl was more unhappy than for many weeks.

"Miss Corley doesn't like me," she thought, "but she did until I told her what my true name is," and lying there in the shadowy room where the soft air brought the fragrance of many Southern blossoms, June gradually realized that Miss Corley suspected her of having been sent to Arden as a spy, and that the fairy-like "Ole Miss" believed that June had been landed at the mouth of the bayou by Yankee soldiers, and she was now sure that Libby had been told to guard her that she might not escape.

That day Hitty and Rissa had paddled down the bayou and towed the dugout to the landing at Arden; and June remembered this as she lay wondering what she ought to do, and her first thought was to again run away; to creep down to the dugout and paddle off in the darkness.

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But June now realized that her undertaking to reach General Grant was not so easy a matter as she had thought when, standing on Sky Parlor Hill at Vicksburg, she had looked off at the river toward the distant camps, and before she could decide on what she ought to do she had drifted into dreamland.

CHAPTER VII

DOLLS

THE next morning June awoke and found Libby standing near holding up a pretty dress of pale blue and cream-colored striped nainsook.

"Look a' dis, lille Miss! Dis am fer yo'. Ole Miss he'p me make it yisterday. An' Aunt Mimy am a-washin' ob yo' white dress," she announced; and the good-natured negro girl was puzzled and surprised that June did not show any pleasure in the new dress, or the blue ribbon that "Ole Miss" had sent for her hair.

June's "Thank you, Libby," sounded rather stiff and ungrateful, and Libby went on to say that: "Ole Miss is a-cogitatin' an' a-plannin' a sight ob fine t'ings fer yo', lille Miss. She shuly is;" and even to this hopeful statement June made no reply beyond saying:

"I guess I shall not be here very long, Libby. I may go away very soon," at which statement Libby mournfully exclaimed: "Ole Miss shuly feel bad ter hab yo' go, lille Miss."

June found Hitty and Rissa at the front door

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as she came down the stairs; they were peering in, and at the sight of their smiling black faces June's own face brightened; but Libby sent them off as if she were shooing chickens. "Lille Miss don' wan' yo' ! She ain' had her brekfus' !" she announced; and Hitty and Rissa vanished from sight, but June could hear them chuckling and laughing together as they scurried away.

"Ole Miss waitin' fer yo'," said Libby opening the door into the cool pleasant dining-room, where a round table, set for two people, stood in the center of the room.

"Good-morning, Rosalind," said Miss Corley, smiling at June's puzzled look; and bidding Libby bring in breakfast at once, she sat down at the table and motioned to June to sit opposite her.

"I think I must continue to call you 'Rosalind,'" she said, "and I have made up my mind that you are a very honest little girl; if you were not you need never have told me that you were a Yankee girl, or your true name. So I am sure you are to be trusted."

June could feel her face flush; she felt as if she had her "good fairy" back again. She managed to smile so happily that Miss Corley's own

face beamed with pleasure. For she had taken a great liking to this little girl who had so unexpectedly appeared at her home, and her suspicions that Yankee soldiers had brought her had completely vanished; now she wanted only to do her best to make "Rosalind" happy during her stay at Arden, for Miss Corley realized that with Union boats cruising along the Mississippi, and with Confederate scouts alert and active on the mainland, it would doubtless be weeks, perhaps months, before there would be a possibility of June's return to her aunt; and she had already made more than one plan to amuse her young visitor.

"I wonder if you are too old to be interested in dolls?" she asked, as Libby brought in plates of hot waffles, a glass pitcher filled with golden honey, and cups of tempting chocolate.

"I shall be twelve years old in June," June answered; and at this reply Miss Corley laughed delightedly.

"Well, I am not going to tell you how many times twelve I am, or you might think *I* was too old to play with dolls, and I'm going to tell you a great secret," and her musical voice sank to a whisper as she said: "I love dolls!"

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“ Oh! Do you truly? I am so glad! I do, too!” said June; and the elderly Southern woman and the little Yankee girl laughed happily together, and now June was as eager and happy as a little girl could possibly be as her “ good fairy ” began to tell her the history of the doll “ family ” that she had cherished for years.

“ I can’t remember when I had my first doll, but it was a black ‘ Dinah,’ and I have her now,” she said, “ and after breakfast Libby shall bring ‘ Dinah ’ and all the rest of them to the garden and you shall be introduced.”

June smiled radiantly, and now she remembered the pretty dress she was wearing, and that it was Miss Corley who had provided it for her, and said how much she liked it, adding:

“ But when I put it on this morning I thought prob’ly you would want me to go away to-day, so I did not really see how pretty it was,” and June smoothed her skirt admiringly.

“ Wait until you see the ‘ next ’ dress that is being made for you,” said Miss Corley, with a gay little nod. “ Why, when you see it I expect you will scorn your blue and white striped gown. And I am sure that I shall never want you to

go away," she added more soberly, with a friendly smile at her little visitor.

After breakfast, hand in hand, Miss Corley and June made their way to the veranda and through the garden to a square summer-house that was nearly covered with climbing rose vines and honeysuckle. Inside a low seat was built around three sides of the small building, and in the center stood a square table, and Miss Corley and June had only reached the steps when Libby appeared with an armful of cushions that she arranged on the wooden seat.

"Libby, I want that leather trunk that stands in my chamber. Tell two of the boys to bring it here; and you go with them and see that they bring it carefully," said Miss Corley.

"Yas'm, Ole Miss; de doll trunk! Yas'm," chuckled Libby, nodding and smiling as she ran off toward the house. Miss Corley and June seated themselves in one of the cushioned corners of the summer-house, and June's glance wandered out toward the smooth bayou with the overhanging trees mirrored in its quiet waters, breathed the fragrance of the garden, and then turned toward her companion and thought admiringly that not even Claudia could imagine

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anyone more lovely than Miss Corley, or anyone more kind; and, almost unconsciously, she exclaimed:

"I am having truly real 'Rosalind' adventures!" and in response to Miss Corley's questions June told of the treasured book in the rose-wood box; and added that it was really Claudia who thought of the most wonderful things for "Rosalind" to do.

"And Claudia can repeat poems. She knows one written a hundred years ago by an Englishman whose name was William Blake. It's about a child on a cloud," said June, and, to her surprise and delight, Miss Corley knew the very same verses and repeated them to her small guest.

And then June told her new friend just how Claudia looked.

"Claudia is lovely," June declared. "She has black eyes, and she is always pleasant. When she grows up I think she will look just like you," and June's eyes rested on Miss Corley with loving admiration.

"Well! What a beautiful compliment! I begin to believe that little Yankee girls are very much like little Southern girls after all," said

Miss Corley, smiling at June, who answered soberly:

“ Yes, Ma’am. I guess little girls everywhere are just the same. Oh! There’s Hitty!” she exclaimed as two black smiling faces appeared peering in at the low, broad opening on the opposite side of the trellised summer-house.

Miss Corley did not seem to notice the two negro girls, who chuckled and nodded as June waved her hand in greeting; and as Libby now appeared, followed by two negro boys carrying a trunk, June entirely forgot them in her eagerness to see Miss Corley’s treasured dolls.

The boys set the trunk carefully down and instantly disappeared, and Libby promptly opened it.

“ Go back to your work now, Libby,” said Miss Corley, and with evident reluctance Libby moved slowly toward the house.

June could hardly keep quiet as she looked into the open trunk and discovered that it was divided into compartments, and that in each of these a doll was seated in a cushioned chair. “ Just as if they were real!” she exclaimed; and at Miss Corley’s response: “ Of course!” June laughed with satisfaction, thinking that was just the way

that she and Claudia felt about their dolls. But a moment later she exclaimed admiringly as Miss Corley lifted a large doll from the trunk and held her toward June, saying:

“This is Alicia Millicent. My father brought her from London when I was ten years old.”

“O-oh. She is lovely!” declared June, holding the London doll in both arms, and admiring the bronze kid shoes, the blue stockings, the full flounced skirt of blue silk, and the white lace jacket and tiny round hat of blue silk trimmed with white rosebuds.

It was indeed a wonder trunk for June! Beside “Alicia Millicent” there was a doll from Paris, named Antoinette; and a doll from Berlin named Gretchen, and two dolls exactly alike named “Ara” and “Sara,” from Copenhagen; and, at last, black “Dinah,” in a straight blue cotton dress with a white apron and a red-and-white handkerchief turban, was taken from the trunk.

The dolls were now all seated in a row on the cushioned seat, and June ran from one to the other, asking questions about each one, and admiring their lovely garments. Miss Corley seemed to enjoy them as much as did June, and

from the open window came chuckles, exclamations and whispers of admiration.

June, holding "Ara" and "Sara," each of whom wore tiny wooden shoes, full skirts of plaided cotton, with wide white collars over embroidered waists, turned toward the window and seeing Hitty and Rissa staring in, called out: "Oh, Hitty! Rissa! Come and see the dolls!" and Miss Corley quickly added:

"Yes, come in and look at the dolls," and the two little negro girls tiptoed into the room, and stood looking with longing eyes at the beautiful dolls.

"We's got doll!" Rissa whispered. "Our mammy mak' it fer us."

"Go fetch it for little Miss to see," said Miss Corley, and Rissa ran off, while Hitty tiptoed about from one doll to another with little exclamations of wonder and admiration.

Rissa was back in a few moments holding so queer an object that June would have laughed aloud had Hitty not run to meet her sister, exclaiming: "Dis am our doll!" with such evident pride that June realized the negro girls loved the doll made of a corn-cob, with moss for hair, and its eyes, nose and mouth marked by char-

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coal; its arms were two sticks fastened to the corn-cob body, and it was dressed in a straight garment of red cloth.

"What is its name?" June asked; and with gurgles of delight Hitty replied: "Rose am her name. Yas'm!"

After Hitty and Rissa had run off with their doll Miss Corley suggested that June should select one of the doll family for her very own. "To keep in your room for company," she said, and when June said that she liked "Ara" and "Sara" because they were smiling, Miss Corley bade her take the Copenhagen dolls and their chairs, and the delighted June carried them happily off to her chamber, thinking that her "good fairy" was as good a playmate as Claudia.

The day passed happily, and June quite forgot the errand that had sent her hurrying from Claudia's playhouse to Sky Parlor Hill; and that had brought her first to Mrs. Holmes, and then to this wonderful Arden, and to her "good fairy," Miss Corley.

But that night June did not go to sleep as early or as promptly as usual. As she lay in the fragrant quiet room and the shadows of the night deepened about her, June's thoughts fled to

Vicksburg; and with all her heart she wished it were possible for her to fly through the air, as the Rosalind of her story could do, and find herself safely landed on the veranda of her aunt's home.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CONFEDERATE SCOUT

THE week following June's arrival at Arden passed very quickly both for Miss Corley and for the little girl who had so unexpectedly arrived; and every day Miss Corley had some pleasant surprise or new amusement for "Rosalind," who, Miss Corley often declared, had come at the very moment when her "good fairy" greatly needed cheerful company; for, although distant from any town, many rumors of conflict reached this secluded plantation. Miss Corley knew that Colonel Grierson, of the Federal Army, was advancing against Jackson, the capital city of Mississippi, about forty-nine miles distant from Vicksburg; she well knew that Vicksburg was now threatened by Admiral Porter's fleet of gunboats by river, and by General Grant's determined advances by land. General Pemberton, the Confederate officer in command of Vicksburg's defenses, however, was confident that no enemy could capture those heights with their

miles of intrenchments bristling with cannon and manned by a garrison of forty thousand men inside the walls and forty thousand more just outside, under those they considered their ablest generals.

The sound of distant cannonading penetrated even to Arden before the end of the first week of June's stay; and frightened negroes came running to the house telling of gunboats at the mouth of the bayou; and with reports of marching Yankees on the opposite side of the Mississippi. The news of the passage of the Union fleet past the Vicksburg batteries was brought by a Confederate scout who was keeping watch on the Federal gunboats off Carthage, and who made occasional visits to Arden, where Miss Corley gave him the best food that the plantation could offer; kept him well supplied with socks and shirts, and questioned him eagerly for news of both Union and Confederate armies; and June sitting near by with "Ara" and "Sara," or busying herself in hemstitching the sheer linen strips that were to be lace-edged ruffling for her own underwear, heard the scout describe the long line of gunboats, that without a visible light or sound throughout the fleet, slipped down toward

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the bend of the river where the frowning heights were covered with batteries.

"They might have slipped by unnoticed," said the scout, "had it not been that suddenly along the levee a fire burst out, showing the city and forts as plainly as if it were daylight; and instantly every fort and hilltop belched forth fire upon the Federal gunboats.

"The Confederate shells set fire to one of the Union transports, and she was soon in a blaze, making a bright target for shot and shell.

"'Twas a grand sight," declared the scout, "but the Yankee fleet hold the river now. General McClernand, who commanded the troops on the Union transports, has landed his men at Bruinsburg ——"

June's exclamation: "This side of the Mississippi?" interrupted the scout's tale, and he turned a look of questioning surprise upon the little girl, whose name he believed to be Rosalind, and who he supposed was a young relative visiting Miss Corley; and now believing "Rosalind" to be afraid of advancing troops, he nodded and smiled toward the little girl and said:

"Here at Arden you are well out of the way of war. I hear tell that General Grant's son, a

lad of thirteen years, is with his father, but not as a soldier."

June asked no more questions. Her mind and thoughts were filled with the scout's assertion that General Grant's army had crossed the Mississippi River and were already on the advance toward Vicksburg, and the little girl realized that her great plan for carrying information to the Yankee forces was now useless. With all her heart she wished herself back in Vicksburg with Aunt Emily.

"When General Grant takes Vicksburg will not that end the war?" she asked.

The scout's face clouded. That Vicksburg, protected by defenses never surpassed in the art of war, could be captured, was not a pleasant thought; but this little girl, he imagined, was frightened and must be reassured; so he said with a little laugh:

"Why, yes. I reckon when the Yankees take Vicksburg we can say the war is over," and June's face brightened, and then grew serious as she remembered that this was the errand that had sent her all this distance from Aunt Emily and Claudia, to cross the Mississippi and tell the Yankee general that war could so easily be

ended; and now June looked at the Copenhagen twins without any sign of her usual admiration. She was thinking to herself how easily she had forgotten her determination to find a way to return to her mother and father. "And of course I can't go until the war is over, and General Grant is in Vicksburg," she thought, no longer paying any attention to what the Confederate scout was saying, her mind filled with vague plans for making another effort to aid the Union forces.

It was many years later when June realized that in the history of the world's sieges nothing can be found where more patience and greater endurance under privations, or where greater courage was shown, alike by Union and Confederate soldiers, through long weeks of hardship, than during the siege of Vicksburg. But on that May night of 1863, in that pleasant room at Arden, June could have no idea of the terrible siege that even then had begun against the city.

After the scout had taken his leave Miss Corley seated herself at the harp, on which she promised June should learn to play, and sang the song that henceforward was always to remind the little

Yankee girl of beauty, of fragrant gardens and
of the pleasant days spent at Arden:

“Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to rest with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird’s throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall you see
No enemy ——
Not even wintry weather.”

“There, Rosalind; that is the right song for Arden; and we’ll think no more of cruel wars,” said Miss Corley. “To-morrow is the day for our picnic to the hawks’-nest tree; and, if you like, we’ll take Hitty and Rissa. There will be room enough in the boat.” And talking of the excursion up the bayou that Miss Corley had planned for the next day June and her “good fairy” went up-stairs to their quiet chambers. “Ara” and “Sara” had become the little girl’s constant companions; and Libby, who was waiting to help “Lille Miss” prepare for bed, smiled and nodded to see June seat the twin dolls in their special chairs where her first waking glance would rest on them.

But after Libby had said good-night and June

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was alone her thoughts went back to what the scout had said of Vicksburg; that, with Yankees advancing on land against it, and with Admiral Porter's gunboats controlling the Mississippi, the city would be cut off from supplies of food. And the man had said General Pemberton had warned the residents of Vicksburg that it would be wiser to leave their homes, and June wondered if it could be that Aunt Emily, Uncle Philip, and Claudia Appleby with her father and mother had gone far away.

"However am I going to find them again?" June wondered unhappily, forgetting for the moment all Miss Corley's kindness, the prospect of the picnic on the next day, and even the war.

The darkness of the spring night deepened as the little girl lay in the quiet chamber thinking of those she loved, and trying to imagine some way in which she could discover their whereabouts. It was past midnight when the boom of distant guns made her start up and exclaim aloud:

"General Grant! If I tell him that I wanted to help him end the war I'm sure he will help me find Aunt Emily; and maybe he will tell us what to do."

The more June thought of this the more sure she was that she had discovered a way out of all her difficulties. She could, she thought, now that the Union Army was on the eastern side of the Mississippi, and not many miles distant from Arden, easily reach the great general and ask his help; for June now realized that even her "good fairy," Miss Corley, could not aid her in discovering her aunt's whereabouts; and she resolved not to say anything of this new plan to her kind friend.

Although it was late before she slept June awoke at the usual hour the next morning to find the smiling Libby with another dress ready for her to wear; and June gazed at it admiringly as Libby exclaimed: "Dis am a rale plantation dress, Ole Miss say so. De cotton was growed on plantation lan', an' it were woven inter de cloth an' made inter de dress right in his place!"

"But, Libby, it's so pretty, with those tiny blue threads across the white. However could they weave it that way?" said June, as she admired the full, ruffled skirt, the wide sleeves, and the waist with its hand-wrought collar.

"Ho! Dose 'ere blue thre'ds ain' no 'count!"

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Libby declared scornfully. "Dey is jus' dip'd in de dye-pot an' den wove in wid de white."

Libby, like all Miss Corley's house servants, was well versed in the industries of weaving and dyeing, as well as the making of garments; for on isolated plantations such as Arden the planter's family, as well as the negroes, were dependent on the skill of such workers for their daily needs. June's "plantation" dress was as well-made as if it had been fashioned by a Vicksburg dressmaker and as the little girl put it on she remembered that this was only one of a number of pretty dresses that Miss Corley had given her.

"It's just as if I belonged here," she said aloud; and Libby promptly responded:

"Dat's de truf, lille Miss. I reckon 'twas jes' meant fer yo' ter 'rive har, an' ter grow up har fer company fer Ole Miss."

June laughed happily, thinking to herself that no other little girl ever had so many pleasant homes. Of course her real home was with Father and Mother, but Aunt Emily's house was home, and here was this fairy-like Arden; and even at Riverbend, June remembered, kind Mrs. Holmes had given her a cordial welcome.

But she reminded Libby that she was only a visitor. "I may go away quite soon, Libby. Maybe the war will end next week, and General Grant will take me back to Aunt Emily," she said. Libby shook her head disapprovingly. She thought "Rosalind" ought to stay with "Ole Miss." In fact Libby, like all of Miss Corley's negroes, was sure that Arden was the most pleasant place in the world. Well treated by their kind mistress these negroes knew nothing of the hardships of slavery, and she was surprised that "lille Miss" could ever think of going away from Arden.

But June's thoughts were now fixed on discovering the whereabouts of the Union Army; and as she made preparations for the day's excursion she wondered hopefully if "hawks'-nest tree" might not be nearer the headquarters of Grant than the scout had said was at Perkin's plantation near Bruinsburg.

"Hawks'-nest tree" was Miss Corley's favorite picnic spot; and she had talked to June of it, saying that it had been named because of a huge hawks' nest that had long been established in its upper branches. It stood on a high bank some distance up the bayou, its wide branches over-

hanging the water. The bank on which it stood was covered with soft grass, and it was there Miss Corley planned that she and Rosalind would eat the luncheon that, packed in a convenient basket, was in charge of Libby who sat in the front of the comfortable flat-bottomed boat that two stout negro boys poled up the bayou.

On a cushioned seat in the stern sat Miss Corley and "Rosalind," while the excited and smiling Hitty and Rissa crouched together near Libby, chattering and laughing like magpies.

It was much cooler to be moving over the quiet water of the bayou than on the verandas at Arden; and seeing June's evident pleasure in the excursion Miss Corley again told herself that the coming of "Rosalind" to Arden had indeed been a bit of great good fortune. The kindly lady, whose own girlhood had been largely passed in Philadelphia, with visits to New York and Boston and one wonderful trip to France, again resolved that this little Yankee girl should have only the happiest of memories of her stay on a Southern plantation; and she now encouraged June to tell her more about the "Adventures of Rosalind," the book that was so safely locked up in the rosewood box.

“When it is finished and printed I’ll have a copy for you, Miss Corley; and one chapter shall be all about Rosalind in Arden,” June promised.

“And be sure and describe this visit to ‘hawks’-nest tree,’ ” said Miss Corley, as the boat headed toward the shore and June looked up through the pleasant shade of the overhanging branches of the wide-spreading oak tree.

Libby and the boys carried the luncheon-basket and cushions up the bank, closely followed by Hitty and Rissa, while Miss Corley and June followed more slowly. June found an acorn among the grass, and Miss Corley declared that:

“ ‘ An autumn acorn found in spring
The best of all good luck will bring.’ ”

“And what do you think is the best of all good luck?” she asked, smiling down at the little girl.

“To have war end!” said June soberly, as she slipped the “luck” acorn into the pocket of her plantation dress.

CHAPTER IX

HAWKS'-NEST TREE

IF June had not been so intent on her own anxious thoughts, so fearful that her aunt, uncle, and Claudia were lost beyond her discovery, she would surely have noticed that her "good fairy" was more quiet than usual; for the scout had told Miss Corley of the battle at Port Gibson, where, although the Confederates had fought with their usual gallantry, they had been swept from the field with the loss of one thousand men killed and wounded, and the Union troops had taken Port Gibson.

Beside this victory for Union forces the Confederates had hurriedly evacuated Grand Gulf, and retreated across Big Black River, leaving five heavy guns; and knowing these facts Miss Corley realized that the determined Yankee general would now move forward against Vicksburg.

The scout had said that the Confederate General Joseph Johnson was on his way from Chattanooga to take command of troops gathering east

of Jackson, and the Southern woman realized that a terrible conflict was near at hand. Secluded as the Corley plantation was it could not, she thought, escape from some invasion from either Northern or Southern troops; and Miss Corley at first had but little heart for the day's excursion, and but for disappointing June would have stayed quietly at home. But she was resolved that "Rosalind" should enjoy the day; and after a brief rest in the shade of the big oak she called Hitty and Rissa from their play at the edge of the water and bade them amuse "lille Miss."

"You both know all the ravines and glens near by, and you can show Miss Rosalind where the redbirds nest, and where the wild lilies grow," she bade them; and cautioning June not to go too far away, Miss Corley watched them wander down the farther slope toward a shady glen, and then bidding Libby arrange her cushions, she decided to rest until the time for luncheon came.

"Where is the hawks' nest?" June demanded, as she turned to look up at the tall oak.

"It am nigh de top ob de tree, way, way up!" replied Hitty, stretching her arm up at full length and pointing a fat black finger toward a dark mass of sticks and moss among the upper

branches of the tree. "If Ole Miss was home we'd clim' up to it," she chuckled.

"Yas'm, lille Miss, an' we c'u'd see miles an' miles!" declared Rissa. "We hev' clim' dat tree, ain' we, Hitty?"

"Let's climb it now," suggested June.

Hitty and Rissa looked at each other questioningly; but on June turning back toward the tree they promptly followed; if "Lille Miss" had decided to visit the hawks' nest they were ready to go with her. June had been confident that Miss Corley would not object to her climbing the tree, but as she neared the place where her "good fairy" was resting she saw that her friend was asleep; and motioning Hitty and Rissa to keep silent she drew the two little negro girls behind a thick growth of laurel and whispered:

"Your mistress is asleep. Now you stay right here, and keep quiet, while I climb the tree and take a look at that nest. It won't take me long, and I'll go so softly that she won't wake up!"

The girls nodded, their big eyes fixed on this yellow-haired girl whom they themselves had discovered and brought to Arden, and who they were sure could do anything she wished, and they watched her run lightly up the slope and

then started off on their own concerns, jabbering happily of the dainties that the big basket was sure to contain, and knowing that a goodly portion would come to them.

June peered around one side of the oak tree and smiled as she discovered that Miss Corley's eyes were closed. "I'll go up and be back again before she wakes up," she thought, and resolving to be very careful that no entangling branch should catch or tear her pretty "plantation" dress, June grasped a low-hanging bough of the big tree and skilfully drew herself up to where she could steady herself against the trunk of the oak, then seizing another branch she found it an easy matter to work her way up among the close growing foliage. Once or twice she stopped to listen, to look upward, or to wait until a startled bird, frightened by this strange climbing creature, flew away, screaming its warning notes. More than once on this upward climb June remembered the old sycamore in Claudia's garden and wondered if she would ever again see the playhouse where she and Claudia had passed so many happy hours.

"This must be the tallest tree in Mississippi," thought June, as from a high branch she looked

off toward the Big Black River, a deep and rapid stream that entered the Mississippi River at Grand Gulf. "I suppose General Grant's army is near that place," she thought; and her guess was right, for after defeating the Confederates at Port Gibson Grant had pushed on to Grand Gulf, determined to reach the rear of Vicksburg at the earliest moment possible; and in the roads running between those wooded ravines marching soldiers of the Union Army were moving steadily on, while on other roads Confederate soldiers moved forward to encounter them.

But the foliage of intervening trees prevented June from making this discovery as she climbed steadily upward until the dark mass of the huge nest was close at hand; and now came the most difficult part of June's undertaking; if she meant to reach the nest she must step out on a stout branch without holding to any convenient upper limb; it would be only a couple of steps before she could support herself by one of the branches that held the nest, and she could then look into it. "Maybe get in it; it's surely big enough," thought June, as she resolved to venture the two steps.

"It's like being at the top of the world," she

whispered, as she cautiously stepped out on the swaying bough carefully balancing herself, and not realizing that to lose her foothold would mean that she would go crashing down among those leafy branches into the bayou.

A movement in the nest startled her. She had not thought of even the possibility that the nest might be occupied; and June well knew the ferocious strength of the fierce hawks that skimmed about field and forest. She knew, too, how surely they would attack anyone venturing near their nest; and here she was within a step of it, balancing on a swaying bough a hundred or more feet from the ground.

There was no time for the little girl to choose between the perils that confronted her; she could not turn, she must go on; and, poised for the step that would enable her to grasp at the nest June's frightened glance saw rising from the nest, not the fierce darting hawk that she had feared but the rough head of a man, and with a sharp cry of terror the little girl realized that she had lost her balance; and in the same second felt herself grasped by an invisible hand, held for an instant, and then drawn steadily up to the nest. For a moment June wished herself facing a whole fam-

ily of hawks, however fierce, for this man in a faded blue blouse, his face burned by the Southern sun, and his dark eyes shining angrily, had no word of kindness for this girl who had invaded his hiding-place.

“Confound you!” he muttered; “who sent you prying and spying up this tree? And people waiting below until you call! So much as open your mouth, Miss Johnnie, and ’twill be the last time,” he threatened. “Ought to have let her fall. ’Twould have broken her neck,” he added, scowling at June with such evident ferocity that the little girl realized she need not hope for any word of kindness.

“Now see you don’t so much as move a finger!” he warned her, with a little push that sent her down into the deep nest, while he stepped out on the branch, swung himself to a lower limb, and was at once shut from sight by the thick foliage.

June crushed herself down, too frightened to even guess why the man had been hiding there or why he was so angry at being discovered. She did not venture to even look up toward the top of the nest over which he had disappeared, but lay there waiting fearfully for the sounds that

would tell her of his return, and dreading to look up and see that angry, frowning face; and remembering Miss Corley, napping comfortably in the shade, a new fear possessed June; that this fierce man who hid in tree-tops might in some way harm her good friend; and at this thought June raised herself to her knees, and exclaimed aloud:

“I must go just as quick as I can and tell her!” and looking up at that moment she met the threatening glance of the dreaded man who was leaning over the edge of the nest and who had heard her exclamation, and nodded angrily: “I thought so! You’d tell. You were sent up here on purpose! That settles it. I’ll have to fix it so you can’t talk for one while!” and he grasped her shoulders, drew the frightened girl to her feet and in a moment a handkerchief had been quickly fastened over her mouth.

“Listen! You climb up here onto this branch and take tight hold of me and keep hold, or you’ll tumble a straight hundred feet. Come on!” and June managed to obey and firmly clasped the arm that he reached toward her and instantly felt herself securely held as the man moved swiftly to the trunk of the tree.

Here again he warned her threateningly: "You so much as try to make a noise, or even to touch that handkerchief I tied over your mouth, and down you go. Follow me," and he swung himself quickly and silently to a lower limb, followed by June who was now too frightened to even think of the possibility of escape.

Down from branch to branch, hardly ruffling the thickly growing leaves, they went; and when only some twenty feet above the ground the man motioned to June to step out on a stout branch that overhung the bayou and he followed her step for step, until the branch bent low under their weight and June looked down to find herself swinging just over the boat in which she had come from Arden. At the same instant she was seized and lowered carefully into the boat and the man then let himself down cautiously, his bare feet making no sound.

June watched him as he silently unfastened the rope, picked up the pole and pushed the canoe clear from the shore and, keeping well in the shadow of the trees that closely overhung the bayou, pushed the boat steadily up-stream until looking back Jane could not determine at what

point the big oak stood or how far away she was from her "good fairy."

The man did not speak, nor did he seem to remember that he had a passenger.

The boat was guided across the bayou and entered a dark sluggish stream where the air was sweet with the fragrance of the budding and blossoming clematis whose clustering vines drooped from overhanging trees that shut out the afternoon sun. June never knew how long it was before the man nodded in her direction, as if he had just remembered her, drew in his pole, and proceeded to unfasten the bandage across her mouth; and for a moment his face looked less threatening.

"You can speak now, Miss Johnnie. There's five miles between you and the folks that sent you climbing up that oak tree."

"I'm thirsty," said June, "and there are things to drink right back of you!" and she pointed to a wooden pail in which stood a number of bottles filled with fruit juice that had been left in the boat until lunch time.

The man instantly drew the pail toward him, handed June a bottle and took one himself and they both drank thirstily. Then June dipped

her hands over the side of the boat and bathed her face, and felt a little less miserable. But she wished she dare tell the man that she had not been sent to the top of the oak tree; but he had again seemed to forget her, and she did not have the courage to speak to him, and crouched lower in the boat that he might not notice her. And now June's thoughts traveled back to Miss Corley, who must now be searching for her, and troubled about her. "But I couldn't help it," she thought, wishing that Hitty had never told her of the hawks' nest.

It was near twilight when the man poled the boat into a narrow inlet where a grassy point offered a landing-place.

"Hop out!" he commanded, as he swung the boat close to shore. "You're going to be a nuisance, but I'll have to take you to Vicksburg. Can't leave you here to starve!"

"Oh! Are you going to take me to Vicksburg?" exclaimed June, thinking this was almost too good fortune to be possible. The man made no response to this question but repeated his command: "Hop out!" And June hopped.

CHAPTER X

A WOODLAND JOURNEY

MISS CORLEY awoke from her nap quite ready for luncheon, and noticing June's wide straw hat swaying from a lower limb of the tree decided that "Rosalind" was close by, and bade Libby, who had also napped comfortably, call the little girl and then open the lunch basket and bring the cool drinks from the boat; and a moment later Libby's voice was calling, "Lille Miss! Lille Miss!" and the negro boys were muttering together at the water's edge over the disappearance of their boat.

Hitty and Rissa sat themselves down near the oak, looking up into its branches, and wondering why "Lille Miss" did not respond to Libby's call; and at last when questioned about June explained that the little girl had climbed up to the hawks' nest.

Libby trembled a little at the glance "Ole Miss" gave her. The colored girl knew that she had been expected to keep an eye on "Lille

Miss"; and that she must now find her as promptly as possible.

"Yo' Hitty! Yo' start yo'se'f up dat tree an' fetch lille Miss!" she directed. "Wot yo' mean by tellin' her 'bout dat nest ——"

But Miss Corley sharply interrupted:

"Call Jim and send him up the tree!"

Jim came racing up the bank with the news that the boat was not to be found; and instantly Miss Corley decided that "Rosalind" must be in the missing boat, and that she had not even attempted so dangerous a venture as climbing the towering oak.

"Perhaps she went to sleep in the boat and did not know when it drifted away," she thought; and Jim and his companion were smartly scolded and bidden to start straight for Arden, where they were to get another boat and paddle back up the bayou keeping a sharp outlook for "Rosalind" and the missing boat.

It was late twilight before they returned to hawks'-nest tree and Miss Corley with the frightened Libby, Hitty and Rissa embarked for home. No search on land was made for June because Miss Corley was confident that the little girl was in the missing boat; it did not even occur to her

that anyone could have taken it, or that long before she reached Arden that night June was miles away, in the care of a Yankee scout belonging to Sherman's army, who for weeks had made his difficult way among the ravines, across bayous and streams, pushing through dense growths of cane and wild grape, to follow the movements of Confederate troops and carry information to Union generals. His name was Dent Parsons, and his home was in Vermont.

He had only just climbed the tall oak when Miss Corley's boat had drawn up to the shore; and when June came climbing up he had no idea that his discoverer would prove to be a small girl; but on seeing her he was sure she had been sent up by some group of Confederates to whom later on she would carry the story of a Yankee spy hiding in the big nest. For that reason he had acted promptly in getting away, and there had seemed no other way but to take "Miss Johnnie," as he called June, believing her to be a little Southern girl, with him. He knew that henceforth his work would be nearer Vicksburg; for already Farragut's gunboats had fired upon the doomed city, where the unfortunate Confederate General Pemberton had retired within

the defenses of the city, from which he and his men were not to issue save as prisoners of war.

By the morning of May 10th, 1863, General Grant had already encompassed the Vicksburg defenses by redoubts connected by rifle-trenches. It was known, however, that the gallant Confederate General Johnston hovered between Jackson and Vicksburg, doing his utmost to bring help to Pemberton; so that there were great dangers for a Yankee scout endeavoring to reach the besieged city.

But June knew little of this; from the moment that the man had said he intended taking her to Vicksburg her fears had vanished; for Vicksburg meant Aunt Emily and Uncle Philip, Claudia and all the friendly black servants of her uncle's household. If June could have bade her "good fairy" an affectionate and grateful adieu, with the promise of a future meeting, the little girl would have felt that no more fortunate happening than her discovery of this man, who meant to take her to Vicksburg, could have possibly befallen her.

After leaving the boat the man led the way along a narrow path, and June had begun to

feel very tired before they came to a windowless cabin, where an old negro man was sitting in the wide doorway, and who gazed in apparent terror at their unexpected appearance, and who instantly jumped to his feet and would have fled down the ravine had not a sharp word from Dent Parsons prevented.

“Stop where you are, Uncle Ned!” he called. “Miss Johnnie and I want something to eat!”

The old man’s look of terror instantly vanished, and a smile crept over his face as he nodded toward June.

“I ain’ feared o’ a lille miss, nor ob a Yank neither!” he said, “an’ I reckon I kin fin’ a few eggs, an’ maybe stir up a spider cake fer yo’ !” and the old darkey rubbed his hands and nodded his head, as if well pleased with his visitors; and brought out a stool for June, who was glad enough to rest.

It was not long before the negro had started a fire in the rough clay fireplace at one end of the single room of the cabin, and the appetizing smell of bacon made June realize that she was more hungry than she had ever been; and when Uncle Ned brought her a battered tin plate with fried bacon, eggs and spider-corn bread she ate

gratefully; and when the scout produced a bottle of the fruit juice that he had brought from the boat she found it gave a welcome flavor to the water in the tin cup that he handed her.

That night June slept on a pile of dry grass covered with an old bag, just outside the cabin. The scout rested near by; and June woke to the chorus of more woodland birds than she had ever before heard.

Already the scout was awake, and as June sprang up he pointed toward a slow-moving stream behind the cabin.

"You'll have to wash your face in the brook this morning, Miss Johnnie. No black girl to fetch you hot water and tend out on you after this," he said.

"Not until I get to Vicksburg; then I'll have Stella. She takes care of me," June replied starting off toward the little stream.

"Hold on! Wait a minute. What do you know about Vicksburg?" asked the man.

"I know everything about it," declared June, "because I live there with Aunt Emmy; or at least I did until I went to Arden!"

"Gee!" exclaimed the surprised man. "I supposed you'd never been away from your

daddy's plantation down that bayou. And you mean to tell me your home is in Vicksburg?"

"Oh! No! My home is in Maine!" said June.

"What are you talking about! Do you think I'm a fool? It won't help you any to pretend that you're a Yankee girl!" the scout exclaimed angrily. "Go on to the brook and then we'll have a bite to eat and be off," and before June could reply he had turned and walked quickly off toward the cabin.

June went down to the brook and made herself as tidy as possible. She did not yet understand that her companion was a Yankee, but believed that he was in some way connected with the Confederate Army. "I guess I'd better not talk about being a Yankee girl; maybe he don't like Yankees," she decided, as she was given her breakfast, which consisted of a cup of meal porridge and a fried egg; but June ate both with a good appetite, and then bade the old negro good-bye and followed the barefooted man along the path that led through the ravine.

The little girl quickly realized that her companion had traveled that way before; for he went steadily along, and knew just where to look for

springs where they could drink; and when after a steady climb up a wooded slope he bade her wait until his return and disappeared, June was too tired to even wonder if she would ever see him again, and curled herself up on a moss-covered shady place and went fast asleep; nor did she awake until some hours later when she opened her eyes to see that the scout was close by, and that he had a number of packages over which he was smiling in evident satisfaction. A little later she noticed that he was no longer barefooted, but was wearing a pair of comfortable shoes.

“I guess you live near here, don’t you?” she ventured, as she sat up and watched him spread out what seemed to June the most wonderful meal she had ever imagined. First there was a roasted chicken, and June noticed how temptingly brown and crackly it looked; then there was a glass jar filled with amber-colored jelly; there was a box containing freshly baked rolls and a big mound of butter on which was stamped the design of a rose; then there were cookies, sugar cookies, round and plump.

“O-ooh!” exclaimed June. “It’s just like a birthday dinner!”



SHE OPENED HER EYES TO SEE THAT THE SCOUT WAS
CLOSE BY

"Maybe," said the man; "anyway help yourself. There's plenty for both of us," and with his pocket-knife he carved the tender chicken, and spread butter on the crisp rolls, and they feasted together in silence.

June was never to know where Dent Parsons had secured the surprising meal; but when she described it to Claudia the little Southern girl soberly declared that it was not surprising at all, because it was just what would happen to "Rosalind."

After they had eaten all they wanted the scout made a package of what food remained and then turned a sharp glance toward June.

"Well, Miss Johnnie, you haven't been the trouble I expected; and if all goes well I'll get you through the lines and into Vicksburg this very night," he said, in a more kindly manner than he had yet shown.

"I guess my aunt and uncle will be surprised to see me!" said June. "I shouldn't wonder if they thought I'd run away; but I didn't." And, to the surprise of the Yankee scout, the little girl began to tell him the story of her leaving Vicksburg; that she had expected, when she ran down from Sky Parlor Hill, to be safely back in her

aunt's house that very night, and then a wrong turn in the road had led her outside the city. She described Mrs. Holmes and her brief stay at Riverbend; told of her night's voyage down the Mississippi and of landing on the spit of sand where the two negro girls had found her and taken her to Arden.

The man listened with an amused smile; and when June's story was ended he asked:

"What started you down from that hill in such a rush, anyway? Where did you want to go, Miss Johnnie? You haven't told me that."

"Oh! I thought I told you. I wanted to cross the Mississippi and find General Grant to tell him what I heard the Confederate officer say: that the only way to capture Vicksburg was to attack it from the rear," said June, in so serious a voice that Dent Parsons smiled in spite of his surprise.

"But, Great Scott! Why did you want to help a Yankee general capture Vicksburg?" he asked.

"So the war would be over, and I could go home to Maine and see my father and mother," replied June, and then added a little fearfully:

“ Maybe I ought not to tell you again that I’m a little Yankee girl.”

The scout looked at her in amazement. “ Then you are not a ‘ Miss Johnnie,’ after all!” he exclaimed. “ And I believe you thought me a Confederate,” and laughed heartily when June admitted this. “ Well, here we are, two New England Yankees after all,” he said; but he made no reference to the fact that General Grant’s plan to reach Vicksburg on the rear had been made months ago. He realized that June had been eager to do her best to bring the dreadful conflict to an end, and he resolved that, if he could bring it to pass, General Grant should know of her courage.

CHAPTER XI

JUNE RETURNS TO VICKSBURG

"I AM glad I climbed up to the hawks' nest," said June as the two Yankee friends again started on their perilous way toward Vicksburg.

Dent Parsons did not even hear what the little girl had said; he was trying to think of some way to find June's family and friends in the beleaguered city without exposing himself to being captured and held a prisoner by Confederates. He knew that the Union army had attained a position in the rear of Vicksburg, and that the time was close at hand when General Grant would make an assault on the enemy; but on that May afternoon the young Yankee soldier was more concerned with the problem of June's and his own safety than with even the tremendous battle that was so near at hand.

It was well toward evening when the thunder of cannon, the booming of roar after roar from distant intrenchments came clearly to their ears; and from the top of a ridge they had just climbed

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June and the scout could plainly see the smoke before they heard the sound of the guns.

It was indeed a perilous undertaking for Dent Parsons to attempt to guide June through the Yankee intrenchments, past the batteries and defenses of the Confederates, and restore her to the protection of her friends; yet the young soldier was determined it should be accomplished. He had the password for the Union lines; there would be no trouble there; but how could he hope to get June safely to Vicksburg?

That night they were given shelter by a family living in a shelter dug in a hillside, who believed that June and Dent were brother and sister trying to find their family. And the next morning before light the two young Yankees were off, Dent hoping to reach the protection of the Union intrenchments before the firing began, and this they were able to do; and that morning June ate her breakfast with a little group of Union officers to whom Dent had told the remarkable story of the little girl's journey from Vicksburg to Arden and of all that had befallen her; and they agreed with him that the little girl must be restored to her Vicksburg home as quickly as possible, however dangerous such an undertak-

ing might be; and directly after breakfast she and Dent again set forth, and this proved the hardest day of their journey; for although but a few miles from the city they had to avoid the perils of stray shots from Union and Confederate guns, to creep under sheltering shrubs for long distances, to crouch in the shadow of thickly growing vines, and to run swiftly whenever their way seemed safe. They spoke in whispers; and it was twilight when June began to recognize familiar outlines of home. "There's the court-house," she told Dent, "and Uncle Philip's house isn't far away. I'm sure I can find my own way now."

"You'll be safer alone, now," said Dent. "Good-bye, 'Miss Johnnie.' I'll come and see you after General Grant takes Vicksburg."

June was about to thank him for bringing her home when she realized that he had disappeared; vanished as completely as if he had never been there at all. For a moment June stood looking about with a little sense of being more alone than ever before. Then the familiar outlines of the old court-house restored her courage. She remembered that she was again near to Aunt Emmy. "Why, I'll sleep in my own bed to-

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night," she thought, happier than she had been for days as she climbed up the slope, and from its summit looked off at the distant hills that enclosed the city in the form of a crescent.

But June did not linger; she was eager to get home at once, and she was tired, hungry and thirsty. There were few people on the streets, and no one paid any attention to the ragged, bare-headed little girl who hurried along, stopping now and then for a moment's rest.

As June reached the gate opening into Claudia's garden she stopped to glance toward the big sycamore, and smiled as she thought of all the things she would have to tell Claudia. She was too tired to run up the path; she could hear the murmur of voices from the upper balcony; and as she reached the door Stella's familiar form appeared.

"Hi', yo'; wot yo' a-comin' in dis ya'd fo' ? Yo' takes yo'se'f off!" commanded Stella, believing the newcomer to be some wanderer bent on mischief.

"Oh, Stella! I'm June, come home!" faltered the tired little girl, as she stumbled forward.

Stella's shrieks of terror at what she believed

to be the ghost of her missing charge brought Aunt Emmy hurrying to find out what was happening; and a moment later June found herself gathered into Aunt Emmy's welcoming arms and knew that her troubles were over.

"A Yankee scout brought me to Vicksburg," she said; and beyond that told nothing that night of her adventurous story. For Aunt Emmy and Stella nearly carried the tired little girl up-stairs; and it was Aunt Emmy who helped her bathe and make ready for bed while Stella ran off to the kitchen to prepare chocolate and toast and beat up an omelette, and when the daintily spread tray was brought up-stairs June was bolstered up in her bed quite ready to eat. Aunt Emmy sat beside her, and when June had finished the last morsel Stella, chuckling approvingly, took away the tray; it was Aunt Emmy who arranged the pillows, made sure the window-blinds were fastened, and then kissed her little niece good-night.

"The siege of Vicksburg doesn't seem half so dreadful now that you are with us, dear child," she said; and June, smiling, said sleepily: "Lots to tell you, Aunt Emmy;" and was so tired and sleepy that she was off to dreamland before

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her aunt had left the room; nor did June know that several times during the night her aunt tip-toed silently to the bedside to make sure that June was really safely at home and sound asleep in her own bed.

June did not awaken until noon the next day; and then, after a cool bath, while Stella "beat up de pillers," Mrs. Laurence decided that the little girl had better return to bed for the remainder of the day; and again a tray of food was brought for her, and after she had eaten June was quite ready to sleep again; so that not until the second morning after her return did her aunt and uncle hear the story of June's absence from home. As they listened to her description of leaving Riverbend in the dugout, of her journey down the Mississippi, drifting through the night unguided and unprotected by any human care, not only Aunt Emmy but June herself felt that the unseen guiding care had encircled and protected the little girl.

The account of her arrival at Arden made Mrs. Laurence resolve that every effort should be made to let Miss Corley hear that the little girl she had so kindly befriended had safely reached her friends.

"And I think we must buy a dugout for Mrs. Holmes and a flat-bottomed boat for Arden," said Uncle Philip, "since June seems to have lost them!"

"Not the Arden boat, Uncle Phil. 'Twas the Yankee scout took that!" declared June earnestly.

"Why, so he did!" Mr. Laurence agreed. "But since he brought you home I won't mind buying a new boat for Arden."

"He didn't know that he was to bring me home; he called me 'Miss Johnnie,' because he thought I was a little rebel girl," June carefully explained, "and he took me away in the boat because he was afraid I'd tell about finding him. And we were both Yankees all the time. He said he would come and see me as soon as Grant captured Vicksburg. How soon will that be, Uncle Phil?" she questioned eagerly.

But at her question Mr. Laurence's face had grown grave, and he left the room without replying. Vicksburg was his home, and he knew it could not long withstand the Yankee forces that now surrounded it. Already Union lines were drawn within musket range of the Confederate defenses on land; while in the river

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Union gunboats lay like sentinels. Already shells had been hurled into the doomed city, and Mr. Laurence thought to himself that June might indeed see the Yankee soldier with General Grant's triumphant army in Vicksburg before many days had passed.

CHAPTER XII

A BROKEN VOW

"WHERE is my rosewood box?" June had demanded, as, on the second day of her return, she discovered the treasured box was not in its usual place on the corner table.

Stella shook her turbaned head solemnly. "I ain' seen yo' box fer dis long time. I reckon yo' an't put it 'way," she said.

But Aunt Emily was surprised to find the box missing. She had not even remembered it during all the troubled days of the past month; the most careful search failed to discover it, and Mrs. Laurence was puzzled by June's grief over its loss: "My flag is in it; and—and—— O-oh!" and June stopped so suddenly that her aunt looked at her in amazement; for June had suddenly remembered the vow of secrecy that she and Claudia had made regarding the "Adventures of Rosalind." "And we, June Prescott and Claudia Francesca Appleby, hereby vow and promise that we will keep secret to ourselves the

book we mean to write,' ” June whispered to herself with the unhappy remembrance that she had broken the vow; she had told Miss Corley all about it; she had even promised her a printed book! And June's wail of unhappiness made Aunt Emmy renew her efforts to comfort her little niece, but to no avail; for June now felt that she would never dare confess to Claudia that she had not only broken their solemn compact but that the treasured book was missing; and when that afternoon the delighted Claudia swung lightly down from the sycamore branch and ran toward June with extended arms June made no motion of welcome.

“ Oh, Junie! I *am* so glad you are home! Home before our birthdays. I wouldn't have had a birthday if you hadn't come home!” declared Claudia, her hands resting lightly on June's shoulders as she smiled at this wonderful friend who had so mysteriously vanished and was now safely at home. “ And, Junie, we have a big cave; and when the Yankee shells come we go running to hide in it; or we did, but now they've changed their range and 'tis safer to stay at home.” Claudia jabbered on hardly noticing that June did not respond.

"Come on over to my playhouse," she urged, "and tell me all about where you were when you were lost. Did you have any little house such as we built for 'Rosalind,' or any eagles to carry you through the air? Oh, Junie! I do believe you did!"

For as Claudia spoke of "Rosalind" June's expression had changed.

"You can't even guess where I've been or what's happened to me! More than would fill a truly book! Dangerous things, Claudia!" she declared. "I used to think and think how much I wanted to tell you everything. Why, Claudia! The things you made up to happen to Rosalind weren't half as much like adventures as those that just seemed waiting for me."

And with Claudia listening eagerly, with frequent exclamations of fear or surprise, June told her story far more fully than she had told it to Aunt Emily.

"And you see, Claudia, I felt almost as if I was 'Rosalind,' starting off and being lost, and then finding Miss Corley, who looked just like a fairy!"

Claudia nodded. "Maybe we can put it all in the book; and when we end it we can say that

part of it is true," she said. "Ah, June, my mother says we'd better not have any birthday party this year. The Yanks are keeping away all the things we like best to eat; and the soldiers' rations will not hold out unless the Yanks can be driven away! Oh, Junie! Would it not be splendid if General Johnston's army could get here in time to conquer Grant!" And Claudia smiled at June, sure that her dearest friend must agree with her, but June's prompt response made Claudia's face grow very sober.

"Conquer Grant?" June replied, almost as if she were asking a question, and then said slowly: "I guess it can't be done. He wouldn't stay conquered."

"Oh, Junie! I hate all these dreadful things; ambulances carrying wounded soldiers go by 'most every day; and a shell went straight through a hospital last week," said Claudia; for, in the midst of besieged Vicksburg, she had realized more of the terrors of war than it had been possible for June, in the quiet surroundings of Miss Corley's plantation, to even imagine. Claudia would never quite forget one terror-stricken night when, with her mother and a number of their house servants, she had crouched in

one of the hillside caves, while shell after shell followed each other in quick succession with a rushing fearful sound followed by the din of explosions. More than once Claudia had seen the flame of fire from exploding shells, and watched the terrible fragments as they sped on their work of destruction; and as the days passed June, too, knew what these terrors meant; for although no serious damage had as yet befallen either the Laurence or Appleby houses the shells from Porter's gunboats dropped so constantly about the city that both the families were in readiness to flee to the hillside caves when danger came too near.

As their birthdays drew near both June and Claudia agreed that there would be no birthday cake for them this year, for now the food supplies of the doomed city were growing small; many families were living on corn bread, or tough biscuit, and bacon. No soda or yeast could be procured, and but little milk, and it was everywhere known that General Pemberton must soon surrender.

"Has your aunt taken her silver and things to your cave?" Claudia asked on the day before June's twelfth birthday as the two little girls

met in Claudia's playhouse among the branches of the big sycamore.

"Lots of our things are in the cave," Claudia continued, "and, June, don't you think you had better carry your rosewood box to a safe place? Why, if it was hit by a bit of shell it would be burst open and then anybody could read 'The Adventures of Rosalind,' " and Claudia's serious expression showed that she felt that would be a great misfortune. Before June could reply Claudia continued: "And, June, whatever made Miss Corley call you 'Rosalind'? Wasn't it queer! O-ooh! June Prescott! You didn't! You didn't ever tell that strange woman about our book! Oh! I do believe you did!"

For June's flushed face and downcast eyes had betrayed her; and her throat felt so choked she could only stammer; and Claudia was so angry that she did not give June a chance to explain that she entirely forgot the vow; to tell Claudia that it had really seemed as if she truly were the Rosalind of the story.

"You *did* tell! Of course you did; that's why she called you 'Rosalind.' And it was *my* story!" declared Claudia. "And now you can just give me that book; even if you did write it

down I made up the adventures!" And Claudia's angry glance rested scornfully on her companion.

"I s'pose you made up *my* adventures, too, didn't you?" questioned June, no longer crushed by her consciousness of having broken her vow, and as angry as Claudia herself. "You prob'ly made up my getting lost, and drifting down the river, and being found by Hitty and Rissa; and climbing hawks'-nest tree, and—and—and everything! *You* probably made up all those adventures too!" And June's blue eyes were nearly as dark as Claudia's as the two angry little girls faced each other.

There was a moment's silence and then Claudia responded:

"No, *I* didn't make up those adventures, but I reckon none of them ever happened. You probably never left Vicksburg at all. You just hid somewheres, and then come home and tell all those things!"

June stared at Claudia in amazement.

"Made up all those things that happened to me? Made up Mrs. Holmes and Hitty and my good fairy? Why, I couldn't!" she faltered.

"Well, I believe you did, Miss Yankee!" de-

clared Claudia, suddenly recalling that, after all, June was not a Vicksburg girl.

"Miss Johnnie!" June called after her as Claudia turned and disappeared down the steps to the garden.

Very slowly June made her way back along the stout branch of the sycamore to her aunt's veranda.

"I meant to tell Claudia," she whispered to herself, "I didn't tell Miss Corley on purpose." Nevertheless June realized that Claudia had a right to be angry because of the broken promise. "But she hasn't a right to say those things did not happen to me because they did! They were true adventures," thought June, as she swung down to the veranda, and went into the house to find her aunt.

The morning of June's twelfth birthday found her very sober and quiet, and not until Aunt Emily said: "Well, my dear, you and I will surely start for Maine before the summer is over; for Vicksburg will surrender before many days," did she think of any pleasant hope for the future.

Uncle Philip gave her a package as they sat down to breakfast.

"Happy birthdays, June!" he said, "and I'll wager no other little Yankee girl will have anything like what that box contains; open it, my dear, and I'll tell you who made the things you'll find."

June eagerly untied the string and opened the box; and for the moment quite forgot Claudia, "Rosalind," and all her vexations, as from the box she lifted a tiny armchair, cut from a Minié ball. June held it up with an admiring exclamation and, as Aunt Emmy examined it, June smiled at the smallest plough she had ever seen. The plough was made of wood from a parapet, inset with bits of lead, and a lead point made from a Minié ball.

"They are wonderful!" declared June, setting her new treasures beside her plate.

"Major Fry, from Texas, made those," said Mr. Laurence, "made them as he watched the guns of the enemy."

"They are a lovely present, Uncle Phil, and I'll always keep them," declared June earnestly. "I do wish I could find my rosewood box. I could put these in it," she added, as Stella entered the room.

"Har's a note fer lille Miss," she said, hand-

ing June a letter, and adding smilingly: "It's f'um Missie Clody."

"A birthday greeting from Claudia," said Aunt Emmy smilingly, as June opened the envelope.

CHAPTER XIII

THE ROSEWOOD BOX

JUNE did not read Claudia's note until she was alone on the back veranda. Then she opened the envelope, thinking to herself how good Claudia was, in spite of their quarrel, to send her a birthday greeting. But the first words of Claudia's note renewed June's anger, for this was no friendly note of greeting. It was a plain declaration of war.

"TO MISS JUNE PRESCOTT—YANKEE.

"If my book, that I paid for and made up, is not returned before noon this day, June 15th, 1863, I will tell my mother that you have it and that you won't give it back. And I will tell her what *I* think about your *adventures*, that you made them up.

"CLAUDIA FRANCESCA APPLEBY."

June reread the note. It was dreadful, she thought, nearly ready to cry with disappointment and vexation, that your best friend should send you such a note on your birthday. And

June recalled the fact that the blank book in which she had so carefully transcribed "The Adventures of Rosalind" had indeed been paid for by Claudia. When it was purchased that had not seemed important, but now June realized that it did indeed give Claudia a right to the claim she made, and if the rosewood box could have been found June would have lost no time in sending the book to Claudia.

"But I suppose Claudia won't believe it is lost," she reflected, assuring herself that she did not care if Claudia did tell Mrs. Appleby that June's adventures had been made up. "I guess when Miss Corley comes to Vicksburg, and maybe Mrs. Holmes, too, and when Dent Parsons comes, as he promised, I guess then Claudia Appleby will know that my adventures did happen," thought June, crushing Claudia's note into the pocket of her blue dimity dress, and exclaiming aloud:

"Well! All there is to it is that I've *got* to find my rosewood box."

June knew that her aunt and the servants had carried many valuables to the hillside cave, and she now wondered if it might not be that one of the negroes had taken the rosewood box with

other things, and that her Aunt Emmy had not noticed it; and running down the stairway from the back veranda June hurried across the yard and into a narrow street that led to a slope facing directly away from the river, where many Vicksburg families had caves prepared for refuge, and where many took up permanent quarters during the siege of the city.

June had no trouble in finding the Laurence cave, for Henry, one of their trusted servants, remained there to keep it in readiness, and he now welcomed "lille Miss" with friendly eagerness, telling her that on the previous night a mortar shell had struck the corner of a cave near the brow of the hill and masses of earth, fences, shrubberies, and flowers had swept down the slope.

"But dey sheered off 'fore dey got dis far," Henry concluded, and showed June that their cave was as yet unharmed, and the little girl went in and began to search for the missing box, which she described to Henry, and found him ready to do his best to find it.

"It's locked, and the key is on this chain," said June, touching the slender gold chain from which hung her locket and the silver key. But

they could not find the rosewood box, and June turned toward home puzzling over what she could do or say to convince Claudia that it was really lost.

As she climbed the stairway to the back veranda she heard voices in the sitting-room and realized that Mrs. Appleby was there talking with Aunt Emmy.

"Maybe Claudia is with her; perhaps she's told her mother that I am keeping her book, and that what I said wasn't true," and June quite forgot that this was her birthday, and remembered that she was separated by hundreds of miles from her mother and father. "And it's weeks since the Yankees shut us all up in Vicksburg, and the war isn't over yet," she thought, and then sat up very straight in the wicker chair and listened intently, for she plainly heard Claudia's voice saying:

"If you please, Mrs. Laurence, will you ask June for my book? I asked her, but she hasn't given it to me."

"O-oh!" June whispered angrily, and when her aunt replied that she would surely remind June to return the book it was all June could do not to cry out that the box was lost with the

book in it. But she managed to sit still until the visitors had gone. She heard Mrs. Appleby declare that General Pemberton must soon surrender, that his garrison were nearly at an end of their supply of food. "As we all are," she concluded; for Admiral Porter's gunboats shut off all supplies reaching Vicksburg by way of the Mississippi, while General Grant's troops controlled every approach by land, and the residents of Vicksburg as well as the Confederate soldiers often went hungry. Their hopes of help from without were gone; their sufferings and privations now quenched the ardor of Vicksburg's defenders.

"Why, June! I couldn't find you. Claudia and her mother came in to wish you a happy birthday; and Mrs. Appleby brought you this," and Mrs. Laurence held up a large, yellow, ripe, June apple, and added smilingly: "I suppose it is really from Claudia, and it is a beautiful present," for fruit of any kind was now a rare treat in the besieged city.

"It isn't from Claudia," said June. "She doesn't like me any more. And she knows the book is lost. She knows I can't bring it back!"

Mrs. Laurence wondered whatever could have

happened between Claudia and June. Not since their first meeting had there been any unpleasant word between the two little girls, and especially since June's return from her adventurous journey down the Mississippi Claudia had been more eager than ever to be with her.

"What book is it, June?" asked Aunt Emmy. "If you have lost a book belonging to Claudia we must try our best to find it."

"It's in my rosewood box," replied June, "and it really is as much my book as it is hers. Claudia is hateful!"

Mrs. Laurence walked away as if she had not heard. She believed the trouble to be only a misunderstanding, and thought the two girls would settle it more satisfactorily if she did not interfere; but she was sorry June's birthday should be clouded and now did her best to make the day a happy one for her little niece. Leaving June alone in the cool sitting-room she made her way to the kitchen to consult with the cook over the possibility of something special for dinner.

"We kin hev a sweet-'tater puddin'," suggested the old colored woman, "but de soss 'll hev ter be 'lasses."

Mrs. Laurence thought this would help out their usual fare of corn bread, bacon, and occasionally a chicken. So when June was called to dinner she found her aunt's table glistening with silver and covered with the best damask tablecloth, as well as the fine English china. A large glass bowl filled with yellow roses was in the center of the table, and June exclaimed with pleasure as she took her seat.

"It's like a party!" she declared.

"Too bad Claudia couldn't come," Mrs. Laurence said quietly, without glancing at her little niece; but June made no response. She had saved the big yellow apple and insisted on sharing it with her aunt. Uncle Philip was at one of the hospitals helping care for the wounded soldiers.

"I expect next year I'll be home, don't you, Aunt Emmy?" said June as they went up-stairs to the veranda that overlooked the Appleby garden; and Mrs. Laurence agreed that it was very likely June would pass her next birthday in her own home. She was sure General Pemberton could not hold out much longer, and she believed this surrender of one of the strongest citadels of the Confederacy would soon lead to the complete

triumph of the Union cause and end the war; and she meant June should start for her far-off New England home as soon as such a journey could be safely considered.

Her thoughts were interrupted by June's sudden question:

"Aunt Emmy, who was the first slave?"

"Goodness, child! I haven't the remotest idea. But slavery began in America in 1620. The same winter that brought the Pilgrims to Massachusetts brought a small Dutch vessel with twenty slaves to Virginia."

"Why didn't they go to New England?" questioned June, who had always wondered why the South had so many negroes and the North so few.

"Too cold. The Southern states have a climate not unlike the African country from which the negroes came, and they thrived better here. But for many years Northern as well as Southern states upheld slavery. But after 1808 it was against the Constitution of the United States to bring slaves, or rather, to bring negroes intended for slaves, into this country."

"When the war ends there won't be any more slaves?" questioned June.

“Not in the United States,” agreed Mrs. Laurence, and leaving June alone on the veranda she entered the house to attend to some unfinished work.

June settled herself comfortably in the hammock, and swung idly back and forth. There was no sound of guns or shells just then; and, after all, she thought, she really had had a birthday dinner with the best china and everything. For the moment she had forgotten Claudia's threat, and was ready to drift off to sleep when the bough of the big sycamore bent so closely above her that she could have touched its leaves and looking up she saw Claudia perched on the branch, and heard her say:

“Where is my book, Miss Yankee Girl?”

CHAPTER XIV

CLAUDIA AND THE SILVER KEY

“I’LL pretend to be asleep,” thought June, closing her eyes.

Claudia repeated her question, and then in a somewhat softer voice: “Aren’t you there, Junie?” and at the sound of the name that no one but Claudia had ever called her June found it difficult not to call back in the old friendly fashion. But she kept resolutely silent. “If I did jump up and speak Claudia would just be hateful again,” she thought, wondering what Claudia meant to do next, for she had heard her unseen visitor’s step on the veranda, and a moment later realized that Claudia must be standing close beside the hammock looking down at her; then she felt a light pull on her neck chain, but did not open her eyes.

“In a minute Claudia will speak,” she thought. “Maybe she will say ‘Junie’ again; and if she does I’ll say ‘Hullo, Claudia,’ and we’ll both laugh and then we’ll be friends.”

But Claudia did not speak; and when June, very cautiously, opened her eyes she had vanished. For a moment June lay quite still looking all about, but Claudia had disappeared. June's hand reached up to touch the familiar key and locket, and she sat up quickly exclaiming: "My chain is broken! Oh! Claudia broke it!" but as the slender gold chain slid through her fingers she discovered that the chain was not broken, only unclasped, but the little silver key was missing.

"She has taken my silver key," June said slowly, not conscious that she was speaking aloud; and at that moment a small shining object came hurling through the air from the direction of the sycamore tree and the little key lay in June's lap.

She picked it up and very carefully restored it to its place on her chain, but she did not look up or speak; she felt that she did not want to see Claudia. "She believes I did not tell the truth about the box, and that's why she wanted the key," thought June; but the little time of quiet was now broken by the roar of guns, the whirring of shells, and a sudden crash made June jump from the hammock with a little cry of

terror as the big branch of the sycamore, torn from the tree by a breaking shell, came crashing down on the veranda directly upon the hammock where but an instant ago she had so happily rested.

But June did not think of this for with the branch came Claudia, hurled from its leafy foliage very much in the same manner as she had thrown the silver key, and lay a little huddled mass at June's feet.

June's cries brought Mrs. Laurence and Stella flying to the veranda.

"Claudia's killed! Claudia's killed!" wailed June, who was kneeling on the veranda floor beside the little figure. But Mrs. Laurence bade her be still, and lifting the little girl carried her quickly indoors, and soon discovered that while Claudia was stunned and bruised she had suffered no serious injury.

Mrs. Laurence bathed the little girl's head and arms in cool water, put a soothing lotion on the bruised cheek and shoulder, and then bade June sit beside the patient, who had now opened her eyes and whispered, "I fell off the bough," just as Mrs. Laurence said she would go and tell Mrs. Appleby what had happened.

The sound of cannonading grew more distant as June, silent and watchful, sat beside her friend. Before Mrs. Laurence returned with Mrs. Appleby shells had ceased to fall, and their plan for hurrying off to the caves was given up. Mrs. Appleby had been assured that her little daughter was not seriously hurt; but it was decided that Claudia had best remain for the night with Mrs. Laurence.

"A sorry end for June's birthday," Mrs. Appleby said, as she started to return home in the early evening after Mammy Chloe had appeared with things to make her young mistress comfortable for the night and Claudia was in bed in the chamber opening out of June's.

The next day Claudia was lame and feverish, and quite willing to stay in bed; but she asked if June might not come and sit with her; and June eagerly agreed.

Claudia hurt and suffering, with bandaged arm and cheek, was quite another person from the fierce-eyed "Miss Johnnie" who had shouted at June from the branch of the sycamore.

"See what your Yankee soldiers have done to me!" Claudia whispered as June came slowly toward the bed and stood looking down at her.

"Oh, Claudia! They didn't mean to! I'm sure they didn't!" June answered eagerly.

"Well, we can't ever go back and forth on that sycamore branch any more, can we, Junie?" and Claudia smiled up at her friend as if nothing had ever clouded their friendship.

"Did you like the birthday apple, Junie?" she asked, and June nodded.

Claudia smiled again; and then June ventured a question. "Why did you want my silver key, Claudia?" she asked.

"To open your box and get the book!" Claudia explained; "but after I had the key I just couldn't!"

"Of course you couldn't! The box is lost!" exclaimed June. "Aunt Emmy and I searched the house, and Henry and I searched the cave. We can't find it. It's lost!" she repeated.

A little flush of color crept over Claudia's pale face. For a moment she did not speak; then she said faintly:

"I saw the box, your rosewood box, on the table in your room, just where it always was."

"When? When did you see it, Claudia?" exclaimed June jumping up.

"I saw it day before yesterday, and I saw it

yesterday. But after I'd taken your key I went to open it and I just couldn't! It seemed so mean," Claudia ended with a little wail at the remembrance of how nearly she had come to doing what she would have scorned in another girl.

But June did not hear her. She was off to her own room. She ran toward the corner, where a little screen shut off the table, and stood quite still, her blue eyes staring at what they so clearly beheld: the rosewood box in its accustomed place.

"But it wasn't there when we looked," she explained to Claudia, as, carrying the treasured box, she returned to her friend's bedside. "Wherever could it have been?"

"Oh! Some of the servants just put it somewhere else, and when they remembered where it belonged they brought it back," Claudia explained; and Mrs. Laurence, later on, when she heard of the reappearance of the rosewood box, agreed that Claudia's explanation was the only possible one.

But at the moment of its recovery June cared very little where it had been so long as she now had it safely back. Instantly she resolved that henceforth Claudia should keep "*The Adventures of Rosalind*," and that the little silken

Union flag should not again be trusted to a box that could so easily disappear.

The book was taken from its hiding-place, and June read it aloud, greatly to Claudia's delight.

"Now let's begin to write 'The Real Adventures of Rosalind,'" said Claudia. "And write down all the things that happened to you after you started off from Sky Parlor Hill. We can call that 'Part Second: A True Story.'"

"So we can, Claudia! When you grow up I shouldn't be surprised if you wrote real books," responded June, quite forgetting that Claudia had ever doubted the reality of Mrs. Holmes, Miss Corley and Dent Parsons.

But Claudia had not forgotten; and the little Southern girl could not be quite happy until she had frankly owned that she had never doubted June's story. "I guess I acted that way because you stood up for the Yanks, Junie," she explained.

"Well! Of course I did," came June's quick response; and the dark-eyed Claudia and the blue-eyed Yankee girl stared at each other for a brief second over the book that lay on a little stand between them; then they began to smile,

the smile deepened into laughter, and when June murmured: "Well, Miss Johnnie?" and Claudia chuckled a "Well, Miss Yankee Girl," the sound of their laughter reached Mrs. Laurence on the outer veranda and she knew that whatever difference there had been between the two girls it was now happily ended.

But after that morning's explanation June and Claudia realized that they were more surely friends than ever before. "Miss Johnnie" and "Miss Yankee" were their secret names for each other; names that, when a thousand miles separated them, were to make them both smile whenever they read each other's frequent letters, or recalled the days of the siege of Vicksburg.

It was several days before it was considered best for Claudia to return to her own home, so that it was her birthday morning when, with Mammy Chloe just behind, she and June entered the Appleby garden and looked sadly at the broken sycamore.

"Your playhouse is spoiled!" exclaimed June. "Oh! Isn't it too bad, Claudia! Why, the first time I ever saw you, you swung off the branch of that tree to Aunt Emmy's upper veranda. I hate to have it all smashed!" and June looked

regretfully at the broken branches and split trunk of the huge sycamore.

“I’m not at all sorry,” Claudia said slowly. “You see, Junie, maybe if the shell hadn’t hit the tree and knocked me off to your veranda we would have kept on being mad at each other. You see, now we won’t ever quarrel again,” and Claudia’s hand clasped June’s as they stood at the tree broken by Yankee shells.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SIEGE

THE siege of Vicksburg was against an intrenched line of eight miles, along ridges fronted by deep ravines. The line consisted of detached works on prominent points, connected by a continuous line of trenches, trees being felled in front of the whole line and forming an entanglement which, under fire from the Confederate guns, seemed absolutely impassable, and when Sherman's troops rushed up, thinking to march easily into Vicksburg, they found not only that the ramparts were difficult, but the defenders fought with spirit, and the assault failed, as did another on the nineteenth.

On the twentieth of June, and through the twenty-first day and night, Admiral Porter kept up a bombardment. Vicksburg was encircled by a storm of fire. And now, convinced that the fortifications of Vicksburg could not be stormed, General Grant put his army to the work of investing the place, and of approaching it by

trenches and mines, and the other engineering work of a siege.

These movements were talked over in every household in Vicksburg, and June and Claudia heard that the besieged Confederates were short of food and water; that the soldiers of the Union Army were becoming exhausted by their desperate labor.

June began to wonder if, after all, there would be anything left of beautiful Vicksburg, for by June 30th, two hundred and twenty Union guns were in position against the Vicksburg fortifications, and the residents of the city knew that their defenders could not hold out much longer. News came that planters and residents of the near-by towns were fleeing from their homes.

"It is fortunate Arden is too remote from highways to be at the mercy of marching troops," June heard her uncle say, as he recounted the story that General Pemberton had asked for an armistice to arrange terms for the surrender of the city.

At the mention of Arden, June's thoughts flew to her "fairy godmother" and she resolved that she would not fail to keep the promise she had

made to visit the friendly woman who had been so kind to her.

June's resolve not to again trust her flag to the rosewood box made her decide to henceforth carry the flag wherever she went. But to do this might prove no easy matter. She felt that her silken flag was too great a treasure to crush into a pocket, and June, returning from Claudia's birthday supper at the Appleby cave, where Mrs. Appleby felt it safer to remain for a time, was puzzled to know what to do with it.

"I mustn't let even Aunt Emmy know about it," thought June, as she went up to her own chamber.

After thinking over several possible places of hiding the flag June finally remembered a wide blue silken sash that she often wore.

"I can baste the flag in my blue sash and fold the sash so no one could possibly see the flag unless I take the sash off," she thought, as she carefully selected the silken thread that would match the blue of her sash; and before bedtime the flag was securely fastened in the folds of June's sash; nor could the little girl even dream that when she should take it from its hiding place it would be to do honor a few weeks later to brave

Admiral Daniel Porter as the little Yankee girl watched his flotilla glide by the bluffs of Vicksburg.

June now wore the blue sash so constantly that her aunt spoke of it, suggesting that the little girl should sometimes wear one of another color; but June was so earnest in her wish to wear the blue sash, and there were matters of so much greater importance to think of that Mrs. Laurence paid but small attention to it, and June was sure that her treasured flag was safe.

But every day the food supplies of Vicksburg grew less and less for soldiers and inhabitants, and many citizens passed their days in dread. June and Claudia both realized that the past month had been one of hardship for all their friends and neighbors as well as for those of their own households. Their meeting-place was now usually the back veranda of the Laurence house, and by the last of June the "Part Second, The True Adventures of Rosalind" was nearly all written carefully down, and it was Claudia who now reminded June of "Rosalind's" promise to give Miss Corley a copy of their book.

"But I said it should be a printed copy," responded June.

“Don’t you think she would like one that was written by you better than she would a printed book?” suggested Claudia.

June sighed; to write out another book as long as the “Adventures” of the make-believe as well as of the real “Rosalind” seemed a long and difficult task; but if it would give pleasure to her “good fairy” she was ready to undertake it, and the two girls resolved that as soon as they could procure another blank book of a suitable size and shape June would begin to write out a copy of their book, for Claudia was now eager to declare that the book was as much June’s property as her own.

It was now over a month that General Pemberton had endured the perils and labors of the siege of Vicksburg. His men, from long confinement, on short rations, in the trenches were in a weakened condition; and the Confederate officers at last agreed that the time of surrender was at hand. They were under a constant fire of shells, and their own ammunition nearly exhausted. Their defenses were crumbling, and on July 3rd, 1863, General Pemberton ordered a flag of truce to be hung from a parapet, and the Confederate General Bowen, and Colonel Mont-

gomery, of Pemberton's staff, delivered to General Burbridge of the Union Army a message to General Grant asking for an armistice.

General Grant's reply was prompt and decided. He would have nothing but unconditional surrender; and a meeting was arranged to take place between Grant and Pemberton at three o'clock that afternoon. The two great commanders met half-way between the lines of their defenses beneath a huge oak, while soldiers of the two armies swarmed upon the ramparts. Pemberton was the first to speak, and asked Grant what terms he had to propose.

"Unconditional surrender," was the prompt reply.

"Never!" rejoined the haughty rebel; but later that afternoon, persuaded by his officers, he agreed and on the morning of July 4th, 1863, Vicksburg surrendered. General McPherson met Pemberton, and they were quickly joined by General Grant. The enemy's flag was hauled down and the Stars and Stripes went up over the captured works amid the cheers of the boys in blue. At half-past eleven o'clock of that eventful morning the national banner shook out its folds to the breeze from the top of the court-house,

while the soldiers, standing proudly beneath, sang "Rally Round the Flag" so joyously that the music found an echo in many a rebel heart.

Scorched by the sun, worn, hungry, and defeated, those weary but heroic Confederates had nobly defended the citadel whose fall they believed would be the fall of the Confederacy; and those who fought against them did not fail to recognize their splendid gallantry.

On the morning of July 4th, 1863, at ten o'clock, a ceremony took place that will ever be remembered in the records of American history. To the soldiers who won the campaign it was a reward for all their hardships. The surrender was no dishonor to the Southern troops. They had yielded to starvation, and they had received honorable terms.

When the American flag was hoisted on the ramparts of Vicksburg June and Claudia, with Mrs. Laurence and Mrs. Appleby, were with a little group of people who had gathered at Sky Parlor Hill. They were all very quiet as they stood there watching Porter's flag-ship and every vessel of the Union fleet steaming to the levee.

June could hear the music of the Union bands, and looking down they saw a body of blue-coated

soldiers marching down the street and their songs came clearly through the summer air:

“Thousands more! And still we come,
To fight a battle for Christendom,
With cannons and caissons and flags unfurled
The foremost men in all the world.”

And the “Rub-a-dub! Rub-a-dub-dub!” of the drums ended and echoed their gay song.

June would have well liked her own Union flag to bear a part in this Fourth of July celebration, but the little girl did not forget that Uncle Philip and her dearest friends were saddened and dismayed by the triumph of General Grant's army over a fortress protected by defenses never surpassed in the art of war, and June's flag remained in the folds of her sash for days to come.

It was a week later when the Confederate garrison, now paroled, marched out from the forts they had defended with such fortitude, and now the Union Army took final possession of Vicksburg; but as the boys in blue watched the brave Confederates march out from their garrison they showed no unseemly triumph. Indeed it was as if they were sorry for a brave foe. Not a cheer

was heard from the Union men as their conquered enemy marched by; and more than one Southern soldier long cherished the memory of an unexpected generosity.

The long siege, with its days of peril and nights of fear for every Vicksburg household, was now over. Once more people could journey back and forth from outlying plantations. Food supplies of every kind poured into the city, and every day Claudia and June were on the outlook for the appearance of the "hawks'-nest soldier," as they both called the young Union soldier who brought June safely back from Arden to Vicksburg; and one of the first letters leaving Vicksburg after the parole of the Confederate troops was June's letter to her "good fairy" at Arden.

When the letter reached Miss Corley she had long believed that her little guest "Rosalind," as she was always to call her, must have been drowned in the bayou. The flat-bottomed boat, after days of search, was never discovered, nor did any news of the missing girl reach Miss Corley until after the surrender of Vicksburg to General Grant; then came June's letter, with its grateful thanks for all Miss Corley's kindness, and with the complete story of June's disappear-

ance on the day of their excursion to hawks'-nest tree.

Miss Corley read it with amazement and delight. To know that "Rosalind" was safe with her aunt, and that the little girl remembered her gratefully, and was eager to see her again, was indeed a joy to the little elderly woman on the quiet plantation, far removed from the tumults and dangers that the people of Vicksburg had known, and at first Miss Corley was eager to start off, as June's letter entreated her, on a visit to Vicksburg; but this was not possible, for many of the Arden negroes had already taken themselves off to follow the Union Army, and Miss Corley quickly realized that she must stay on the plantation and do her best to care for her people and protect her property.

But her thoughts were full of the little Yankee girl who had appeared so unexpectedly at Arden and then vanished, and she began to plan various gifts to send to her.

"Libby, what did Miss Rosalind like best here at Arden?" she asked the negro girl who had looked after June during her stay at the plantation.

Libby chuckled happily. "Lan', Miss! De

t'ing lille Miss like bes' was yo'se'f! It sho' was!" she declared, well pleased that "Ole Miss" should ask her a question so easily answered, and promptly continuing: "An' I reckon de nex' bes' t'ing lille Miss like were Hitty an' Rissa an' de dogs; an' de nex' bes' t'ing was de dolls; an'——"

"Yes, Libby. Thank you," said Miss Corley, fearing that Libby would include all Arden in her story of June's likes.

"And I believe she did like all Arden," thought Miss Corley, smiling to herself as she recalled June's delight in all the beauty of the old plantation.

"She surely liked the dolls," thought Miss Corley, who since June's disappearance had kept "Ara" and "Sara" in her own chamber. It was at this moment that Miss Corley made the resolve that she would give her treasured dolls to June Prescott, the little Yankee girl. And the trunk containing them was brought down to the veranda, and sitting beside it very much as she had done forty years before, Miss Corley lifted out "Alicia Millicent," and then with a half-laughing tenderness bade her "farewell." She did this with each doll, telling herself that she was a "silly old woman" to care for dolls, as

she bade them her final good-bye, and bidding Libby bring the two Copenhagen dolls, "Ara" and "Sara" from her chamber, she put them in the well packed trunk, locked it carefully, and began to plan for other gifts to accompany it.

"Not long ago and I would have given her Hitty and Rissa, just as I do those dolls," she thought; but President Lincoln's proclamation had declared the negroes free, and the little Southern woman believed it a righteous proclamation, although she was confident that some of the negroes were too much attached to her and to Arden to desert the plantation.

It was but a week after June's letter reached Arden when Miss Corley's gifts for "Rosalind" were started on their journey to Vicksburg. Beside the trunk containing the treasured dolls there was a smaller trunk containing the dainty underwear and the pretty dresses that had been made for June during her stay in Arden, as well as the ruffled white muslin, neatly repaired and laundered, that she had worn on her arrival. Nor were these all. Libby had declared that "lille Miss" had liked the dogs that played about the grounds of Arden, and, after careful consultations with Jim and Libby, and even with Hitty

and Rissa, Miss Corley had selected a young black spaniel named "Don," that she was resolved should become "Rosalind's" property; and one of her most trusted negro boys was entrusted with these gifts and started off for Vicksburg where, after various encounters and explanations with Confederate as well as Union soldiers, he arrived safely and found his way to the house of June's Uncle Philip.

CHAPTER XVI

“DON” AND THE DOLLS

JUNE was seated at a table on the upper veranda; spread out in front of her were a box of water-color paints, a small glass bowl half-filled with water for her brushes, a new blank book bound in yellow cloth, and the book in which “Rosalind’s” adventures had been written. Beside these things there was a bottle of black ink and a bottle of red ink, and two pens, for June had begun the copy for Miss Corley; and she had resolved that the book should not only be neatly and plainly written but that it should also be as beautiful as she could make it. June could draw very well, and Aunt Emily had taught her how to use water-colors, and June planned that each page of this book should have tiny sketches illustrating the story or the people and places described, and that many of these should be in colors.

The first page was a picture of “Rosalind” in the basket being carried through the air by the

eagles, and June smiled as she said to herself that there should also be a picture of the real "Rosalind" peering into the hawks' nest. She worked several hours each day on this pleasant task; and, as Claudia had suggested on the completion of their book, "The Adventures of Rosalind" had been read by Mr. and Mrs. Appleby, and Uncle Philip and Aunt Emmy; and they had all declared it interesting. Indeed, Uncle Philip had said that it was a story all little girls were sure to enjoy, and that it must be printed, as indeed it was some years later. Aunt Emmy quite approved of June's plan to copy this book for Miss Corley, and usually June had the upper veranda to herself during the morning hours.

On this morning in mid-July, nearly two weeks after the surrender of Vicksburg, June was happily at work. No more was there fear of bursting shells, of cannon-balls, or the terrifying sound of guns. Under the Union command quiet rested over the stricken city; householders were repairing their damaged fences, homes and gardens; the big sycamore whose broken branch had sent Claudia crashing down to the floor of the Laurence veranda, had now been cleared of its broken branches; but Claudia's playhouse was

completely destroyed. Never again would she play among the green branches of the old tree.

Busy with her writing June's thoughts went dancing off to her "good fairy" at Arden. "I wish I could see her before I start for Maine," thought June, for it was decided that June and Aunt Emmy should start for Maine early in August. They could go to New Orleans by boat, and sail from there to some New England port, and June had all these pleasant things to fill her thoughts, and was slow to notice an unusual commotion in the yard beneath the veranda. She heard the sharp bark of a dog, the voices of negroes, and Henry's voice repeating, "No, dar ain' no 'Rosalind' gal live har," at last made June curious and she ran to look over the railing of the veranda.

An instant later she was flying down the stairs, and the astonished Henry beheld his young mistress clasping the arm of this strange negro boy, who with dog and trunks had been deposited at the rear door of the house but a few moments earlier, and heard June exclaim in evident delight:

"Why, it's Jim! And where is Miss Corley? Tell me. Is she with Aunt Emmy?"

Jim, grinning widely, shook his head. "No'm, lille Miss. Ole Miss couldn' come. No'm! She send me wid dis dawg an' dese trunks, an' dis letter," and Jim drew from an inner pocket of his blouse a letter carefully wrapped, and handed it to June, at the same time sending a scowling glance of triumph at Henry as he said:

"Lille Miss, dat no 'count man tell me yo' don' lib har. He try to mak' me go 'way."

"Oh, Jim! Henry didn't imagine you were from Arden," said June, holding tight the precious letter. "Henry, this is Miss Corley's Jim. You must take good care of him."

Henry cheerfully agreed. He knew that both Jim and he were free men now; for since the fall of Vicksburg there seemed little hope that the Confederates could defeat the Union cause; but, like many of the colored people, Henry was resolved to stay with the family where he had grown up, and Jim had no wish for any other home than Arden.

"Dis yo' dawg, lille Miss. His name 'Don,'" said Jim, handing June the end of the cord attached to "Don's" leather collar. And for the moment June forgot the letter to make friends with the silky-coated black spaniel, who seemed

to remember that he and June had met before, and who was well pleased to follow his new mistress to the veranda and curl up beside her while she read Miss Corley's letter, that urged "Rosalind" to return to Arden for a long visit.

At the close of the letter Miss Corley mentioned the dolls that she was sending by Jim, and June could hardly believe it possible that even her "good fairy" could make so generous a gift. "Why, she loved every one of them!" June exclaimed, remembering that each one of those treasured dolls had been given to Miss Corley, "when she was a little girl," thought June, by people who had dearly loved her.

"She mustn't give them to me. She likes to play with them herself," thought June, as she ran off, with "Don" at her heels, to find Aunt Emmy and tell her of Jim's arrival with trunks and dog.

Then Claudia must be told, and June and "Don" were off to the Appleby garden where Mammy Chloe's bright turban could be seen in the shade of the sycamore, and June knew Claudia would not be far away. It was "Don's" bark, however, that brought Claudia hurrying

through the garden; and even before speaking to June she exclaimed:

“ Oh! The beauty! I never saw so black and silky a dog. Where did he come from, Mammy? ”

Mammy did not need to answer this question, for June was eagerly explaining that “ Don ” was her own especial property; that he came from Arden as a gift from Miss Corley.

“ And, Claudia, beside sending me this beautiful ‘ Don,’ Miss Corley has sent me all her dolls; the trunk she kept them in, too. And another trunk with the pretty clothes that she and Libby made for me while I was at Arden. Isn’t it exactly what a truly ‘ good fairy ’ would do? ” June concluded earnestly.

Claudia soberly agreed. That June’s “ good fairy ” should send her such wonderful gifts made Claudia wish that she might have been June’s companion on her adventurous journey down the Mississippi, and that she, too, might have been a guest at Arden; and she was instantly ready to accompany June and “ Don ” to June’s veranda, where Henry and Jim had carried the trunks.

Jim had given Aunt Emmy the keys, and she was waiting June’s return with almost as much eagerness as Claudia to see the contents of the

two leather trunks that stood near June's writing table.

"Here are the keys, June," she said, smiling at the two girls who came running toward her with the happy spaniel close at their heels.

June unlocked the dolls' trunk first; but before opening it her face grew a little serious, and she turned a questioning glance toward her aunt.

"Aunt Emmy! I don't know as I ought to even open this trunk. You see, Aunt Emmy," and there was a queer little choke in June's throat, "Miss Corley loves every single one of them; she liked to take them out and talk to them, just as Claudia and I talk to our dolls. And she's had them ever since she was a little, little girl! Don't you think I ought to send them right back, Aunt Emmy?" and sitting back on her heels June turned her questioning, serious glance toward her aunt, while "Don" seated himself beside his young mistress as if half afraid some trouble was near. Claudia watched Mrs. Laurence anxiously. It would be a dreadful thing, she thought fearfully, if she was not even to see those wonderful dolls! She wanted to beg Mrs. Laurence not to let June send them back to Arden; and, half afraid that she might forget

her good manners and call out: "Don't! *Don't* send them back!" Claudia instantly clasped both hands over her mouth, her dark eyes fixing a pleading glance on June.

For a moment Mrs. Laurence was silent; then, to Claudia's intense delight, she shook her head and said:

"I am sure, my dear, that Miss Corley would be better pleased for you to keep the dolls," and with a long breath of relief June instantly unlocked the dolls' trunk and lifted out the beautiful "Alicia Millicent," the London doll; and Mrs. Laurence as well as Claudia were at once declaring on the beauty of these dolls from far countries, on their dresses, hats and shoes. Even the black "Dinah" and her blue cotton dress were admired and approved; and the morning sped by without a thought that the smaller trunk, filled with June's "plantation" clothing, was yet unopened.

"I don't know how I can ever write enough thanks," said June, after Claudia, almost as pleased as June herself over the "good fairy" gifts, had sped home.

"Do you think, Aunt Emmy, that I could go and visit her before we start for Maine?"

"We must try and plan that very thing," replied Mrs. Laurence. "A letter would indeed be a poor acknowledgment of all her generous kindness to you. If we can possibly manage it you and I will return to Arden with Jim."

"Oh, Aunt Emmy! I am the luckiest girl in the world! To go back with you to Arden!" exclaimed June, jumping about too happy to keep still; and "Don" began barking joyously as if he had quite understood that he was to be one of the party that would journey down the river to the bayou where June had so fortunately drifted on the May night, that now seemed long ago.

"Do not be too sure, June," warned Aunt Emmy; "your Uncle Philip may not think it best for us to go."

But Mr. Laurence declared that of course June must visit Miss Corley before returning to her own home in New England.

"Why not make the visit on your way down the river to New Orleans?" he suggested; and it was decided that this would be the best plan possible; and Jim started off for Arden carrying letters from June and her aunt saying they would arrive at the plantation before the end of July,

and June now worked more steadily than ever in completing her book.

The tiny sketches and colored pictures were even more carefully and lovingly done than at the beginning. There was a little picture of Claudia at the beginning of one chapter; a picture so very like "Miss Johnnie" that Claudia insisted June should make another exactly like it; "and keep it to remember me by," she said.

There was also a sketch of "Don," and June decided that the last pages of the book should contain pictures of Miss Corley's beloved dolls. "I'll have them in a row, just as she used to set them on the seat in the summer-house," thought June. And the final page of "The True Adventures of Rosalind" held a row of figures that were very like the dolls that Miss Corley had so long treasured.

CHAPTER XVII

THE GENERAL'S SON

“ Now you will have to begin ‘ Don’s ’ education, June,” Uncle Philip gravely announced on the morning after the spaniel’s arrival in Vicksburg. “ He’s a nice dog, and if you want him for a companion and friend you must not spoil him now. Don’t indulge him too much. Slapping a puppy when he misbehaves will save him a whipping for bad behavior later on; but be sure ‘ Don ’ understands *why* he is being slapped.”

June listened soberly; that a puppy must be taught good manners was a new idea to her, and she resolved to do her best to have “ Don ” grow into a well-behaved dog, and to remember what her uncle told her.

“ Don’t call him to you and slap him when he does wrong, for then he may think he is being punished for coming to you,” continued Uncle Philip, “ but if you catch him in mischief, go after him and punish him there and then, and he will very well understand why he is being punished; but never strike him on the head.”

"And what else, Uncle Phil?" asked June in so serious a tone that her uncle smiled as he responded:

"Well, if 'Don' gets the trick of jumping up at people, step lightly on his front toes. It won't take him long to learn his lesson, and will save him from being a nuisance. And don't encourage him in making friends with strangers. Feed and water him yourself; that will make him feel that you think about his well-being, and will attach him to you.

"And, June, never play the game of trying to frighten 'Don.' He won't understand such a game. It will make him nervous and suspicious."

It was easy for June to remember these suggestions, and she at once began to treat "Don" with a new attention, trying always to speak to him in an even tone, and to make sure that he understood her, and "Don" learned easily. He was always near his new mistress, and June looked forward to taking him with her on her journey home.

As the time drew near for the little girl to leave Vicksburg, Uncle Philip took her on walks about the city, and "Don" usually accompanied them; and one cool morning as they climbed Sky

Parlor Hill June told him all about her visit there in the early summer, and of what she had heard the Confederate officer say: that if General Grant should cross the river below the city he might be able to send his troops into Vicksburg.

“And I thought I could cross the river and tell General Grant because, you see, Uncle Philip ——” and now June hesitated, looking up at her uncle’s grave face with so questioning a glance that Mr. Laurence nodded and smiled as he responded:

“Yes, yes; because, after all, you are a little Yankee girl.”

June drew a long breath. “But General Grant knew without being told,” she said, “but I thought ——”

“Never mind, dear child, you walked from Sky Parlor Hill straight off to Miss Corley and ‘Don,’” replied her uncle, before June could finish her sentence; “we’d best start home now; clouds are gathering up-stream and that means rain,” he added, and they hurried off toward home without again speaking of June’s adventure, that, in spite of its perils, had turned out so happily.

As they walked briskly along the familiar streets Mr. Laurence again grew serious, for very soon this little niece, who had lived in his home for three years, would be starting for her own home, and he knew that she would be greatly missed.

But he said nothing of this to June, and began to repeat old rhymes regarding the weather, greatly to June's delight.

"Say another verse, Uncle Phil!" she demanded laughingly, as they reached the shelter of the veranda just as it began to rain.

"Well, what about this:

"Above the rest, the sun, who never lies,
Foretells the change of weather in the skies;
For if he rise unwilling to his race,
Clouds on his brow and spots upon his face,
Or if through mists he shoots his sullen beams,
Frugal of light in loose and struggling streams,
Suspect a drizzling day and southern rain,
Fatal to fruits and flocks and promised grain.'"

Just as Mr. Laurence finished Henry appeared in the door.

"Dar's a Yankee sojer asking do Miss June Prescott lib in dis house," he said, rolling his eyes first toward his master and then toward June, as

if uncertain as to what Mr. Laurence might say to his announcement.

But June was instantly on her feet, exclaiming:

“It’s the ‘hawks’-nest’ man! I’m sure it is!” and, without waiting for her uncle’s response, she darted into the house with “Don” close at her heels.

But just inside the doorway June stopped suddenly; for she was thinking of a young man with long hair, thin-faced and anxious-eyed, in ragged garments; and she now found herself facing a young man smiling and dressed in a neat blue uniform with many shining brass buttons. Instead of the clumsy patched boots that the “hawks’-nest” man had worn this young man’s shoes were of polished leather. In one hand he held a cap whose visor seemed to catch every ray of light. This young man’s hair was not long, it was closely cut and well brushed, and he was smiling as if well-pleased with himself and all about him as he stepped forward to greet June.

“Well, Miss Johnnie,” he said laughingly, “we captured Vicksburg, didn’t we! And I have been meaning to come and see you ever since.

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Have you forgiven me for fetching you all the way from Arden?"

"Why, I wanted to come!" June declared. "And 'Don' is from Arden, too," she added, as the spaniel made friends with the visitor.

When Aunt Emmy came to welcome June's visitor who, she felt sure, must be Dent Parsons, the young Yankee scout, she found "Don" curled up on the young man's knees as he sat near the open window, with June eagerly questioning him about all that had befallen him since the night of her return.

As Aunt Emmy added her questions to June's the young soldier readily told them something of his own experiences after he had succeeded in reaching Grant's headquarters. He declared it the greatest Fourth of July that America had ever known, and told them that at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, on that same Saturday of July 4th, 1863, the Confederate forces under General Robert Lee had been defeated in battle by General Meade and the Northern Army.

"These two triumphs will bring the war to a speedy end," the young man said; and then told of the quiet, silent man, General Ulysses S.

Grant, who had achieved the surrender of Vicksburg.

“If General Grant had never performed any other military act, the capture of Vicksburg alone entitles him to the highest renown,” Dent Parsons declared. “There never were such defenses; mile upon mile of intrenchments bristling with cannon and manned by Confederate soldiers of undisputed valor. The capture of Vicksburg is one of the most stupendous military feats on record,” and the young man, recalling what June had told him of her determination to find General Grant and tell him the only way to capture the city was from the rear, smiled at the little girl and added:

“You see, General Grant was determined to carry out his advance from the south; just as you wanted him to do, Miss Johnnie.”

Aunt Emmy looked a little puzzled at this; for June had never explained to her aunt the real reason that had started her off on those adventures that had ended in her acquaintance with this young soldier; nor did June now attempt to tell her plan to help the Union Army; but she was not sorry that she had tried, for everyone agreed that the war could not last much longer,

and June told herself that, after all, it was something to have tried to help men who were fighting to uphold the nation and human liberty. She was so intent on her own thoughts that she did not notice that Dent Parsons was saying that he was to have a furlough and would start for New England the following week.

But Aunt Emmy's exclamation brought June's thoughts back, and when Mrs. Laurence repeated the young soldier's news it was June who exclaimed:

"Then we can go with him, and he can go with us to Arden!"

"'To Arden!'" exclaimed Mrs. Laurence and the visitor in chorus, and Dent Parsons shook his head laughingly.

"I don't believe I can do that," he said. "Your 'good fairy' wouldn't want a Yankee soldier as a visitor; but I can meet you at New Orleans and go as far as Portland with you."

This was good news for Mrs. Laurence and June; and as June walked beside him down the path to the gate she fairly danced along, thinking how wonderfully all her plans were coming to pass: the Mississippi open for travelers, Aunt Emmy and herself going home, with the "hawks'-

nest " soldier as a companion; and with a visit to her " good fairy " on the way, it was small wonder that the little girl felt that she was more fortunate than any other girl in Vicksburg.

As she stood at the gate with " Don " beside her bidding her soldier friend good-bye Dent Parsons exclaimed:

" Here come General Grant and his son," and June looked eagerly toward the advancing horsemen; the bearded general and a boy not much older than June herself who, mounted on handsome well-fed horses, were coming up the road.

" His son? " questioned June. " Why, when did he come to Vicksburg? " and she looked wonderingly at the brown-faced lad who rode so easily and with whom his soldier father was talking with evident pleasure.

" Oh, young Fred has been with his father all through the Vicksburg campaign," said Dent Parsons, " looking after himself, and no bother to anybody. He'll make a fine soldier later on."

Before June could ask another question the riders were close at hand, and Dent's prompt salute and June's low curtsy came at the very moment when General Grant's keen glance had discovered one of his young soldiers at the gate

of a Vicksburg home, and he promptly drew rein as did his son.

Dent sprang forward eager of this opportunity to do, perhaps, a service for the great general; and in response to General Grant's questions as to the residents of the pleasant house at whose gate they were standing, Dent quickly outlined the story of June's plan to cross the Mississippi with what she had believed to be important information for the Union Army, and of the adventures that so speedily carried her to Arden and to the "hawks'-nest" tree where the scout had discovered her.

"I didn't dare take a chance, General. I believed her to be a 'Miss Johnnie' who would surely betray me; so I tied her up like a bundle and brought her to Vicksburg, and she was a Yankee girl all the time; a very brave girl, too," he added, as he turned toward June who was still gazing steadily at the bearded general.

"General Grant, this is June Prescott," said Dent, and June curtsied again as General Grant smiled at her, and said that a Yankee girl in Vicksburg was indeed something to wonder at. The tall boy on the grey horse touched his cap in salute as they rode on, leaving Dent and

June gazing after them as if they had been beings from another world.

“ I am so glad they rode this way,” exclaimed June, “ and that you were here, and that we were right at this gate. I guess my father and mother will be surprised when I tell them that I have seen and spoken with General Grant, and that I have seen his son.”

June was so eager to carry the news of this encounter to Aunt Emmy, and then to find Claudia and tell her of the visit of the “ hawks’-nest ” soldier that she bade Dent a hurried good-bye and ran back to the house to find her aunt on the veranda.

Mrs. Laurence had seen the approach of the two horsemen, and when they had drawn rein at her gate she had seen the young soldier lead her little niece forward, and realized that it was the great general whose patience, persistence and military skill had achieved the conquest of Vicksburg, and she listened to June’s eager story with as much interest as even June could wish.

“ You must always remember this morning, my dear,” she said, as June finished her story. “ You ought really to add it to ‘ The Adventures of Rosalind ’; but not to Miss Corley’s copy,”

she added, "and do not speak of General Grant or of Dent Parsons to Claudia. You must remember, June, that to both of these good friends of yours the capture of Vicksburg by the Union Army seems a terrible misfortune. Try and remember that," and thinking of all the kindness that had been shown her little niece by these friendly people Mrs. Laurence's own happiness was shadowed by their sufferings in defeat.

June understood exactly what Aunt Emmy meant.

"It would be something like 'bragging,' I suppose," she said thoughtfully; and Mrs. Laurence agreed that to talk of the triumphant general and his soldiers to a defeated people would indeed be much like "bragging."

And so June said nothing to Claudia of the startling events of that July day. Only to "Don" did she confide the fact that it was the most wonderful day she had ever known.

"And you are a Confederate dog, 'Don,'" she added, "and maybe *you* don't like to hear me talk about Union soldiers; but you'll be a Yankee when we get to Maine!" But "Don's" quick bark seemed to deny this last assertion.

Later on in the day Mrs. Laurence, noticing

June's blue sash, now somewhat crushed and wrinkled, exclaimed:

"Oh, June! To think you were wearing that old sash when you were introduced to General Grant!" and June's radiant smile puzzled her aunt, as did the little Yankee girl's quick response:

"But, Aunt Emmy, General Grant would think that the finest sash in the world."

Nevertheless Mrs. Laurence resolved that June must not continue to wear it. "I'll give it to one of the little negro girls," she thought, without a suspicion that the silken Stars and Stripes was hidden in the folds of June's old blue sash.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FLAG

THE morning after June's meeting with General Grant her aunt entered her room at an early hour, and, with a quick glance about the room, discovered the blue sash carefully folded and lying on June's bureau.

With a little smile at June's careful treatment of the worn and faded sash Mrs. Laurence picked it up, and in its place put a sash of soft pink silk; one that she had treasured for a long time. "But June must have it now; this old blue one is really worn out," she thought, as she rolled the old sash in a soft ball, little imagining that it held the "Stars and Stripes" concealed in its folds, and with a glance at the sleeping girl, made her way softly from the room.

"June is sure to be pleased when she finds the new sash," thought Mrs. Laurence. "Very likely the child thinks she ought not to have a new one, since she knows that Vicksburg people are impoverished and at the mercy of their conquerors,"

and Mrs. Laurence gratefully remembered how generous those "conquerors" had proven: issuing food rations, giving clothing and medical help to civilians as well as to Pemberton's men.

But a half hour later, from her pleasant seat on the back veranda, Mrs. Laurence started up in terror as a loud cry from June's chamber came echoing through the house.

"Whatever can have happened," she thought, as she ran up the stairs to see a small figure, frantically waving a pink sash, come rushing toward her.

"My sash! My sash!" June screamed, and Mrs. Laurence called back:

"Yes, dear, yes! Of course it's your sash!" wondering at her little niece's excitement over her new possession; and then amazed to see it come floating toward her like a pink cloud.

"Where is my blue sash! Oh! Aunt Emmy, *where* is it?" wailed June, as she stopped on the stair directly above her aunt.

"Go and pick up your pink sash, June," said Mrs. Laurence. "I have thrown that old blue one away," and was amazed to see her small niece sink down on the stair, cover her face with her hands, and begin to cry.

In a moment Mrs. Laurence was sitting close beside her, her arm about the little girl, saying:

"Why, Junie, I should think that old faded sash was a mascot the way you cling to it."

"Wha—what's a 'mascot'?" whimpered June.

"A 'mascot' is something supposed to bring good fortune to its owner," explained Mrs. Laurence, and instantly June had ceased crying and was eagerly exclaiming:

"Oh, Aunt Emmy! That's exactly what my blue sash—— Well! I mean! Well! Aunt Emmy, where is it?" and the little girl was on her feet as if unable to wait a moment before going in search of it.

But the pink sash had to be recovered and tied about June's waist before Mrs. Laurence replied; then she said: "I poked it into the rag bag, June. Don't let me see you wear it again."

But June had darted off at the word "rag bag," and Mrs. Laurence again wondered why her little niece should be so attached to the faded sash; "but if she thinks it a 'mascot' I must not prevent her wearing it," she decided, and when June had rescued her treasure, smoothed it out carefully, and made sure that the "Stars and

Stripes " had not been harmed, and started back to her room, Mrs. Laurence called:

" Junie! You can wear your ' mascot ' if you want to. But put your pink sash away carefully."

" Oh, Aunt Emmy! " and June came rushing back to thank her aunt as enthusiastically as if she had been given a priceless treasure.

" But, June, I can't understand why you want to wear it," she said laughingly, " and, remember, it's only for to-day. I can't have you wear it when you are to see people, so next time it disappears don't look for it."

June hardly noticed what her aunt was saying, for she was endeavoring to conceal a telltale edge of the flag that was creeping through a fold of the sash; and when she put the pink silk carefully in her bureau drawer she gave a little sigh of satisfaction. She wished, however, that the pink ribbon had been wide enough to hold her flag in safety, but since it was not she knew she must continue to wear the faded blue.

Although June had firmly resolved not to tell Claudia of Dent Parsons' visit, or of the wonderful fact that she had seen and spoken with General Grant, Claudia knew all about both oc-

currences. She had seen June and the Yankee soldier as they walked down the path, and she had watched General Grant and his young son as they rode up the street and stopped to greet Dent Parsons and June.

To the little Southern girl it seemed strange indeed to see her best friend eager to do honor to Yankee soldiers; but Claudia remembered that it was, after all, a Yankee soldier who had brought June safely home to Vicksburg; and she waited hopefully for June to tell her what the "hawks'-nest" soldier had said, and why the Yankee general and his son had stopped to speak to them.

At an early hour on the following morning she was running along the veranda of the Laurence house to the shady corner where June was usually to be found. But this morning the veranda was quiet and deserted. "Don's" welcoming bark was not to be heard; and Claudia's call: "Junie! Junie!" brought no answer; so at last Claudia entered the house to find Mrs. Laurence and discover what had become of her friend.

"Mis'tuss an' Missy gone out," Stella said, as she came hurrying down the stairs. "De Yan-

kee boats am a-sailin' off down de ribber an' dey've gone ter de bluff ter see 'em pass."

"Oh! I wish they had asked me to go!" exclaimed Claudia. "When did they start? Did they go to Sky Parlor Hill?"

But Stella could not tell Claudia where Mrs. Laurence and June had gone, and Claudia ran toward home to find Mammy Chloe and start at once for Sky Parlor Hill, where she felt sure she would see June and where they could together watch the departure of Admiral Porter and ten mortar schooners.

June and her Aunt Emmy, however, were not there, for Mrs. Laurence had decided to walk to a bluff just below the levees, and with June and "Don" had started at an early hour.

"Be sure and take your parasol, June, and wear the white muslin dress," Mrs. Laurence said, as she stopped at June's chamber door at an early hour.

"It's the dress I wore when I tried to find General Grant," thought June, as Stella brought out the ruffled muslin, and the white ribbon sash that was to be worn with it. But June shook her head when Stella held up the white sash.

"I don't want that; I want my blue sash!"

she said, looking at the chair where she had left the treasured sash, carefully folded, on the previous night.

The sash was not to be seen; and instantly June began a frantic search for it.

“Where *is* my sash, Stella? Wherever can it be? You *must* have put it away! Find it! Find it!” June demanded, quite forgetting all the delight with which she had been looking forward to the walk to the bluff and the sight of Admiral Porter’s fleet on its triumphant way down the Mississippi.

Stella, rather soberly, drew out the blue sash from a deep pocket in her skirt and held it out toward her young mistress.

“Here am yo’ sash, Missy. But yo’ aunt gib it ter me. Leastways, she say: ‘Stella, yo’ kin hab dat ole blue sash Missy June wears. Yo’ jes’ take it,’ she says, so I did; but if yo’ wants it, Missy, here ’tis,” and with a deep sigh Stella saw June fairly grab the sash and begin to tie it about her waist.

“Har, Missy! Le’ me tie dat. It look like an ole string, mos’ly. It shu’ does; ’cept whar’ yo’ve got it all ketched up. Yo’ jes’ wait a jiffy an’ I’ll loosen up dem fol’s ——” but June

twitched away so quickly that Stella, who was kneeling behind her, pitched forward on her hands and knees, looking up at June in such evident surprise that the little girl quickly explained:

“I don’t want *anybody* to touch this sash! And Stella, I didn’t mean to jump away. I’m sorry.”

Stella scrambled to her feet, her dark reproachful eyes fixed on her young mistress, and without a word started toward the door. She felt that she had been most unfairly treated, and was saying to herself: “I knows manners. ’Tain’t no mannerly way dat Missy June act.”

But before she reached the door June’s hands clasped Stella’s arm: “Oh, Stella, listen! I’ll tell you about my sash. Come back. The Union flag is in those folds.” June whispered this, and Stella’s expression instantly changed.

“My lan’, Missy!” she whispered. “Dat w’y yo’ don’ wan’ ter wear no odder? Dat’s all right, Missy!” Sylvia declared, quite forgetting her own sense of injury. For like most of the negroes Sylvia knew that the Union flag was the emblem of protection and freedom. With it folded in her sash June became a person of

power, and Stella was ready to agree with the little girl that the blue sash could never be carelessly treated, and was well pleased when June gave her a scarlet silk ribbon to take the place of the stringy blue sash that the little Yankee girl now wore with such evident satisfaction.

It was not until June and her aunt started down the path that Mrs. Laurence noticed that her little niece was wearing the old sash!

"June! Run right back to your room and put on a white sash! I told Stella to take that old blue one," she said.

For a moment June hesitated, then she turned and ran back to her room, for it had flashed into her thoughts that she could hide her sash, flag and all, in her parasol. "I'll say I don't want it open," she thought, and was glad that her wide-rimmed leghorn hat shaded her face so well.

It did not take long to change the blue sash for the broad white ribbon, and to slip the folded blue sash into the closed parasol, and in a few moments June was running down the garden walk to join her aunt, who smiled her approval, declaring that the blue sash would have spoiled June's appearance.

"And we are really making a pilgrimage to do

honor to Admiral Porter who has so ably helped the Union cause," she continued as they walked up the long slope to the bluff from which they could plainly see the admiral's steamship, with the ten mortar schooners in tow.

This bluff was just below the town; on its summit was a roughly built summer-house, or arbor, now covered with blossoming clematis, and here Mrs. Laurence and June were glad to rest.

From the bench at the door of the arbor they could see Porter's boats get under headway and move quietly down the river. As they drew nearer and nearer June remembered what her aunt had said: that this was really a "pilgrimage to do honor to Admiral Porter;" and what greater honor, thought June, could a little Yankee girl on the heights of Vicksburg show the passing fleet than to wave the Union flag for which the sailors and soldiers had so bravely fought, and an instant later June was hastily pulling the sash from its hiding place. Hurriedly pulling at the threads that held the flag in the folds she speedily had it free, and her amazed aunt beheld June run to the edge of the bluff and stand there waving the flag as Admiral Porter's boat glided by.

The boat was so near that June could see the admiral as he saluted the flag, and then waved his hand to the unknown girl who did him this honor. Many others in the flotilla noticed this act and removed their caps, and stood looking back until they could no longer see the tiny silky emblem of the Union.

"That's why I wore the sash, Aunt Emmy," said June, as with dancing eyes and glowing cheeks she turned toward her astonished aunt. "Only, of course, this time I just brought it in my parasol. I am sure Admiral Porter saw it."

For a moment Mrs. Laurence did not speak, and June continued:

"You said we came to show honor to Admiral Porter, Aunt Emmy!"

"Indeed we did, June. And it was splendid to have the Stars and Stripes greet him as he sailed away from Vicksburg. I am sure he will always remember it." And Mrs. Laurence was right; the incident made a great impression upon Admiral Porter, and years afterward, when peace was forever established between North and South, he recalled the girl who had waved him a greeting in these lines:

“Farewell, little maid, may the rose and the vine
Thy beautiful arbor forever entwine,
Thy heroic act has made it divine.
’Twas a flash of a dream; ’twas a vision of light;
A sweet emblem of faith, as you burst on my sight.
Like a maid of the mist in the soft river’s spray
Your young face with its halo soon drifted away;
But that face and its message will ever remain
Impressed on my soul, tho’ we ne’er meet again.”

But on this July morning in 1863, June could know nothing of this; but she was happy in her aunt’s delight and approval; and that, at last, her treasured Stars and Stripes had sent a message to its defenders.

“I’ll throw that old sash away now,” she said, as the little silken flag, now carefully wrapped in Mrs. Laurence’s own scarf, was placed in Aunt Emmy’s bag.

“This is really another ‘Rosalind’ adventure,” June laughingly declared, as they walked toward home. And Mrs. Laurence smilingly agreed.

“Adventures don’t seem to end,” June added soberly, as they came in sight of the Laurence home. “I don’t suppose they will until I am at home, do you, Aunt Emmy?”

“Why, no. I imagine that to journey from

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Vicksburg to Maine just now is rather a big adventure for a twelve-year-old girl," replied Mrs. Laurence, "and in a few days that journey will begin."

They were now at the gate, and as they walked up the path June recognized the sound of Claudia's voice from the veranda.

"Claudia is here!" she declared happily. "I wonder whom she is talking to?" And as they went up the steps she heard another familiar voice, and a moment later saw her two friends "Miss Johnnie" and the Yankee soldier, Dent Parsons, talking as pleasantly together as if Dent had been a Confederate instead of a Yankee.

Claudia came running to meet June, saying:

"Oh, Junie! Here is your hawk's'-nest soldier. And he says there are no braver soldiers in the world than Southern soldiers."

For a moment a puzzled look lingered over June's face, as she slowly responded: "Well, I don't see why Northern and Southern men had to fight. Miss Corley said that, too, about Yankees."

But instantly Dent Parsons was on his feet saying, "We had to fight to establish liberty and National government," in so serious a voice

and with so grave a manner that both the little girls looked at him wonderingly. But "Don's" sharp bark, as if he, too, had some voice in the matter, made them all smile; and when Henry appeared with a tray holding tall glasses of cool lemonade they were all ready to drink the toast that Mrs. Laurence smilingly offered: "To brave soldiers everywhere."

CHAPTER XIX

GIFTS

THE day of June's departure from Vicksburg was now near at hand, and she and Claudia were having their last doll party under the old sycamore in the Appleby garden. Claudia's dolls, all in new gowns for the occasion, had "received" the visiting dolls, which included the distinguished Alicia Millicent, from London, the attractive Antoinette from Paris, and the sturdy Copenhagen twins Ara and Sara, as well as the blue-gowned Dinah who on this occasion was as warmly greeted as any of her companions. These with June's other dolls were now seated in groups about the big tree, and Claudia and June admired each and every one of them as they, too, seated themselves and Mammy Chloe came waddling toward them carrying a low table which she placed in front of her young mistress, and with nods and chuckles started back to the Appleby kitchen.

"Junie! I must tell you!" Claudia whispered

eagerly; but before she could say another word the two little girls saw Aunt Emmy and Uncle Philip were coming across the lawn, with Mr. and Mrs. Appleby, and there was no chance for Claudia to finish, although June insisted "Quick! Claudia! Tell me what it is. There's time before they can hear."

But there was not time, for at that very moment June heard Uncle Philip's pleasant voice saying: "Well! This looks something like a birthday party, even if it is a month late;" and Claudia's face brightened and she exclaimed: "That's what I was going to tell you, Junie! Only not until Mammy Chloe brought out the big birthday cake! This is our real birthday party!"

"Oh, Uncle Philip! You told a secret," June declared happily, as the older people seated themselves comfortably and began talking about the different dolls with almost as much delight and interest as did Claudia and June. "Don" walked from one person to another as if he were in charge of receiving the guests; and Claudia explained to June that this had been her own plan.

"Our birthdays seemed all crumpled up, some-

way," she said, "and next year you will be so far away. You'll remember you *did* have a party, anyway, won't you, Junie? With presents, and cake and everything."

And June promised that not a birthday, wherever she might be, should pass that she would not recall her last Vicksburg party.

While the two little girls were talking so earnestly Mammy Chloe and another servant had appeared and spread the table with a white cloth, brought plates and napkins, and hurried back to the kitchen.

"Now, girls," said Mrs. Appleby as she came toward Claudia and June, "for just two minutes you are to shut your eyes tight. When I say 'Ready,' then you may open them."

"Oh, Mother! It's 'surprises'!" exclaimed Claudia, smiling at June as if this was indeed the best part of a birthday.

Mrs. Appleby nodded, and as June closed her eyes she thought to herself that when Claudia grew up she would look exactly like Mrs. Appleby. "They smile just the same way, and their eyes are just alike."

It seemed a long two minutes to June and Claudia as, hand in hand with tightly closed eyes,

they stood smilingly waiting for Mrs. Appleby's "ready." They could hear Mammy Chloe's chuckle, and a rustle and bustle of people moving about and "Don's" excited barks as he ran back and forth.

"Ready!" called Mrs. Appleby and June and Claudia stared eagerly and both exclaimed in as delighted surprise as could have been hoped for. For at one side of the table a floral arch of blossoming roses had sprung up and beneath the arch stood two chairs.

"For June and Claudia," said Mr. Appleby, as he led the two little girls to their seats, while the others stood. On the table was an amazing cake, round and covered with shining white frosting over which wandered ribbons of pink sugar that met on the top to encircle two pink and white names, "June and Claudia."

"You must both cut it at the same moment," said Mrs. Appleby, handing a silver knife to each of the girls; and, smiling at each other, June and Claudia obeyed. Surely no other cake ever held such delicious flavors of preserved fruit; of creamy richness of beaten butter, eggs, sugar, and chopped nuts blended and baked into a perfect whole.

But it held more than these; from the slice that Uncle Philip so warmly welcomed came a shining gold coin, from Mrs. Appleby's a silver thimble, while a gold ring appeared in each of the slices given to Aunt Emmy and Mr. Appleby.

But to Claudia and June came what all agreed were the best "surprises" the cake offered: in Claudia's cake a round brooch of coiled gold, and in June's another exactly like it.

After the cake was eaten they all visited with the dolls, and not until the garden became shadowy with approaching twilight did the little party separate. As they sat about the old sycamore the elders talked gravely of the long siege to which Vicksburg had been obliged to yield; and the two Southern men spoke admiringly of General Grant's persistent courage that had brought this to pass. The fortitude of both Confederate and Union troops amid all the privations and dangers of the siege was not forgotten; and as June heard now and then a word or phrase that praised friend and foe equally the little girl again recalled Miss Corley's declaration that all these contending armies, North and South alike, were after all Americans; equal in valor and

honor; and she listened to the story of Lamar Fontain, one of the most daring of Confederate soldiers, who had been sent by General Johnston to bear a verbal message to General Pemberton in Vicksburg, and to carry a supply of percussion caps to the rebel troops in that beleaguered city.

He was well mounted, but carried forty pounds of percussion caps besides his crutches, his left leg having been broken and not yet sound. Twice he was fired at, and his horse was killed, but dragging his load of percussion caps he had managed to hide from his pursuers, and finally to reach his destination.

Hearing this, and many other stories of the personal courage and endurance of the soldiers of both armies, June began to understand what Miss Corley had meant when she said that Americans were all of one family. The little girl again recalled Miss Corley's declaration that all these contending armies were, after all, Americans.

June and Claudia made many a happy plan in that fragrant twilight as they talked over the delightful "postponed" birthday celebration. The chief of these plans was that Claudia should spend the following summer in Maine with June.

"You see, Claudia, Aunt Emmy will come back to Vicksburg in October; but next year maybe she will go to Maine and stay with us all summer and you can come with her. And bring your patchwork and we will finish your quilt."

But Claudia was not too hopeful about this. She understood better than it was possible for the little Northern girl to do that the destruction visited on Vicksburg by the Union Army would not be easily repaired or soon forgotten; and Claudia wondered sadly if she and June would ever again play together in this old garden, and the little Southern girl promised herself that whether they ever met again or not she and June would always be loyal friends, as indeed they were. She walked with June across the garden and they bade each other good-night a little gravely in spite of their happy day together, for they both realized that in only a few more days June would have started on her journey.

But for June there was another happy surprise. For when Stella lit the tall candles on the bureau that night and June followed her into the chamber the little girl discovered standing on the table a traveling-bag, and for a moment she wondered whose it was and how it came to be

in her room; then she exclaimed: "It's mine!" For there were her initials "J. P." beautifully embroidered on the blue cloth of which the bag was made, mounted in russet leather.

"Yas, Missy. Dat am yo' bag. Missy Clod'y she embroidah dose letters herse'f," announced the smiling Stella, as June seized upon the bag and with many expressions of delighted admiration opened it to find that it was lined with soft tan-colored leather with convenient side pockets; and June was off in a second to show this wonderful gift to Aunt Emmy and Uncle Philip who were as ready to admire it as June could wish.

June lay long awake that summer night thinking over the delightful happenings of the day. And most of all she thought of Claudia; of all the kindness the little Southern girl had shown toward her from the moment when, from the stout branch of the sycamore, she had so lightly swung to the floor of the veranda and their acquaintance and friendship had begun. "I shall never like another girl as much as I do Claudia," thought June. And she never did have the same affection for another girl, nor did the friendship between the little Yankee girl and Claudia Appleby end with June's departure from Vicks-

burg. Their frequent letters continued it; and when they met some years later it was to renew and continue their loyal affection for each other.

"I'll give Claudia my rosewood box," June decided before she went to sleep. Next to her valued silken flag, and the gifts she had just received, the rosewood box was June's most cherished possession. "It will be just right for Claudia to keep 'The Adventures of Rosalind' in," decided June happily.

The next day preparations for the journey down the Mississippi were begun. Their trunks were taken in charge by Dent Parsons who was sailing direct to New Orleans, where Mrs. Laurence and June would meet him after their visit to Arden.

"Don," of course, was going with June; not only for the visit to Arden but all the way to Maine; and three days after the "birthday" party Mrs. Laurence and June embarked on the small steamer that was to leave them near Arden and sailed away from the "Queen City of the Bluffs."

CHAPTER XX

HOMEWARD BOUND

As the steamer on which June and her aunt were passengers drew away from Vicksburg the little Yankee girl looked back with a sudden realization that she was really saying a long good-bye to the city where she had lived so long, and where so many adventures had befallen her.

“Perhaps I’ll never see it again,” she thought, with a queer sense of homesickness, and not until a turn of the river hid the levees from sight did June begin to notice what was going on about her. Not far from where she stood a man was dropping a line overboard, and June noticed that what looked like a small tin can was attached to it.

“That must be a new way of fishing,” she decided, as she saw him draw up the tin, look into it carefully, and lower it again.

After watching this performance take place for a number of times June ventured to go near the man; and, as he again drew in the can and no fish appeared, she said:

"Are you fishing?"

The man did not look at her as he answered: "Soundings. Taking soundings," he said.

"You haven't caught any yet, have you?" continued June, thinking to herself that "soundings" must be some sort of a fish that she had never before heard of; but now the man turned his head and gave her a smiling glance.

"Just dropping the plummet, Missy. Finding out how deep the water is hereabouts. That's the kind of fishing I'm doing," he explained, and, as June continued to watch him, the man told her something of the difficulties of navigating a steamer on the Mississippi River.

"Have to keep heaving the lead, Missy; that's what I'm doing, to make sure we ain't drifting onto a mudbank." And when the boat seemed well clear of shallow water he showed her the "sounding lead," that was fastened to a stout cord, and explained that the tin cup attached to the lead plummet held tallow.

"That's to take up a sample of the river bottom, so we can tell if we're cruising over plain mud, sand, or rocks; not that there's many rocks hereabouts," he said.

June listened attentively, and resolved to

notice if the sailor took "soundings" all the way to New Orleans; but her attention was soon taken by watching the many boats on the great river; on keeping a sharp eye on "Don," so she did not again speak with the "sounding man," for it was by that name she remembered him.

Of all great rivers none are so crooked as the Mississippi; and even before reaching the mouth of the bayou that led to Arden June was almost sure that the steamer had turned and was headed back to Vicksburg, as indeed it was in one of the long loops that make the course of the river.

All along the Mississippi there was nothing to remind them of battles or of war. Everything seemed peaceful and quiet. Steamers were plying on the river displaying the Union flag; for since the capture of Vicksburg the people along the Mississippi realized that the United States Government had established its control of the river traffic, and would never again permit it to slip out of its hands.

Not far from the long sand-bar where June's night journey in the little dugout canoe had left her that May morning, the little steamer came to anchor, and in response to a number of shrill whistles a boat was seen putting out from the en-

trance to the bayou. Jim was one of the rowers, and as the boat drew up beside the steamer June leaned over the rail calling out to him. "Don" barked joyously as he was handed into the boat, and was evidently well-pleased to be bringing his young mistress home to Arden; and as they drew near the sand-bar June called out: "There's Hitty and Rissa," and the two little negro girls, peering over the side of the dugout, recalled to June that far-off morning when she had first seen them and had heard their half-frightened question: "Be yo' a nangel? Or be yo' jus' a lille white gal?" and she laughed as she waved them a greeting, thinking how exactly the same everything seemed, and yet how utterly different was this arrival from that of her first discovery of Arden.

Hitty and Rissa paddled vigorously to keep near the larger boat; and when they came in sight of Arden's landing-place it was Hitty who called out:

"Dar's Ole Miss a-comin' down de paf!"

It was indeed a warm welcome that Miss Corley gave "Rosalind" and her aunt; and "Don" was not forgotten. Libby and a number of the other servants were smiling their pleasure in the

return of "lille Miss," and June was glad she had remembered to bring a gift for each of them; and the excited Hitty and Rissa received each a doll dressed in silk over which they loudly exclaimed their delight.

Clasping "Rosalind's" hand in her own Miss Corley walked between her guests to the house that to June would always seem the most beautiful place she could imagine. Already "Ole Miss" had made plans to entertain her long expected guests by a day's excursion up the river on the following day to hawks'-nest tree.

"And may I not climb it again and look into the nest?" asked June, as they all sat together in the garden; and Miss Corley and Mrs. Laurence smilingly agreed that June might again make her way up to the huge nest.

"But this time Jim must go first, and make sure that there is no danger there; for a hawk can sometimes be more dangerous than a human enemy," said Miss Corley, who had promptly decided that, as soon as June had carried out her wish to climb the tree, the huge nest should be destroyed. "It is too good a hiding place for a watchful enemy," she thought.

As June again found herself in the pleasant,

fragrant chamber that had welcomed her months before, when as "Rosalind" she had made her way up the bayou, the little Yankee girl could hardly believe herself to be the same person as the "Rosalind" of those days, and the startling events that had ended in the capture of Vicksburg danced through her thoughts; and when the smiling Libby appeared to help "lille Miss" prepare for bed June exclaimed:

"I guess I am almost grown up. Am I not, Libby?"

But Libby's delighted chuckle as she responded, "Lan', Missy, yo' looks jes' the same; only prettier, maybe," assured June that, after all, she was only three months older than on her first arrival at Arden.

The next day proved an ideal one for the excursion up the bayou to "hawks'-nest tree." A little haze hung in the air, and there was a drifting breeze over the water.

Jim and one of the older negroes had the boat in readiness, and soon after breakfast Miss Corley, Mrs. Laurence and June, with Libby and the big lunch basket, had taken their places and, followed by Hitty and Rissa in their small "dug-out," were headed up-stream.



SHE WAS SOON FAST ASLEEP

June looked from side to side of the bayou, her thoughts filled with the memory of that May day when she had first seen the tall tree, rising high above its fellows, with the big nest among its topmost branches.

Miss Corley was telling Mrs. Laurence that all that part of the state of Mississippi, that along the shores of this very bayou, had once been the favorite camping ground of the Choctaw Indians.

"As hunters and warriors the Choctaws had no superiors among Indian tribes," declared Miss Corley. "They planted crops on these very fields, and many of them owned herds of a small breed of cattle and horses."

"What did they have to eat?" asked June.

"Venison, and wild turkey, bear's meat and fish," replied Miss Corley, "besides delicious corn-cakes of pounded corn, honey from wild bees, as well as walnuts and hickory nuts. You may be sure they knew how to secure every dainty that woods and fields could offer," and Miss Corley went on to tell the old stories of the native Indians of the Mississippi; of their endurance, their hospitality. In early times they had possessed a great many silver ornaments,

and many of the braves were skilled workers in metals.

"Why didn't they stay here?" questioned June, but Miss Corley only shook her head in response. That white settlers had encroached on the lands of the Choctaws, and their land and homes taken from them were the only facts she could tell June regarding a brave and patient people who had once inhabited the lands bordering on the Mississippi.

When the boats drew up to the landing place not far from "hawks'-nest" tree the haze had vanished; but there was a cool air coming over the water and in the shade of a big oak tree the little company made themselves comfortable, but June said nothing more about climbing the tall tree, nor did her aunt or Miss Corley refer to it; and when Libby and Jim brought them cool drinks, and spread the delicious lunch, the little girl was well satisfied to rest in the shade.

Hitty and Rissa amused themselves at the water's edge; but June did not want to wander out of the sound of Miss Corley's voice; she realized that their brief visit at Arden would soon end, and she now kept as close to her "good fairy" as possible.

When luncheon was over, and Libby and Jim were feasting with Hitty and Rissa, June looked across the quiet countryside and could hardly believe that, not many miles away, contending armies were still in conflict.

"Who were the first white men who found this place?" she asked, as she made herself a more comfortable resting place with her head very near Miss Corley's arm.

"I wish I could tell you," replied Miss Corley, "but I don't imagine any one really knows. Of course Ferdinand De Soto, the Spanish adventurer, is said to have discovered the Mississippi River, and his death upon its shores, and burial in its waters, have associated him with it forever."

The hours passed only too quickly and as the afternoon drifted into twilight they came in sight of the house and the pleasant picnic to "hawks'-nest" tree was over.

That night June gave the book, "The Adventures of Rosalind." It was really a beautiful piece of work. June had tried her best to make each page perfect; and with its many tiny sketches, its little pictures and portraits in water-colors, and bound in pasteboard covers that June had neatly covered with rose-colored brocade,

that Aunt Emily told her was a strip from a dress that Uncle Philip's mother had brought home from a voyage to China, it was something she might well be proud of making.

"This book will always be one of my chief treasures," Miss Corley declared, as she read the dedication June had so carefully written on its front page:

"To My Good Fairy
From Rosalind."

The three days' visit sped by rapidly, and once more June and Aunt Emmy and "Don" were sailing down the river where so short a time before Admiral Porter's boats had passed on their triumphant way; and as they neared New Orleans Aunt Emmy told June of Farragut's fleet sailing by the two forts, Jackson and St. Philip, and of the consequent capture of New Orleans, one of the most brilliant events of the Civil War.

But June's thoughts turned back to the "Queen City of the Bluffs"; she recalled all her happy days with Claudia; she remembered the old sycamore, so sadly shattered by Yankee guns; nor would the little Yankee girl ever for-

get the days and nights of peril that she had shared with the people of Vicksburg.

Dent Parsons was waiting for them at New Orleans with the best of good news; a schooner was leaving port the next day bound for Portland, Maine, and would take them as passengers.

"And 'Don,' too?" June questioned anxiously.

"Of course!" replied the young soldier. "Why, 'Don' is one of the family."

Although the little party were now past the worst of their dangers a long journey was still before them. To sail up the Atlantic coast from New Orleans to Portland, Maine, seemed to June almost as great an adventure as any of "Rosalind's," and she at once determined to write an account of every day of their journey and send it back to Claudia. "That will be the very best sort of a letter," she thought; and on telling her aunt of this resolve Mrs. Laurence promptly agreed with her, and June's only purchase in New Orleans was a small blank book with blue covers.

"I might call it 'More Adventures,'" she suggested, and Mrs. Laurence smilingly agreed; and, nearly three months later, Claudia was

to receive June's account of her journey to Maine.

Her father and mother listened in amazement to all their little daughter had to tell them of her unexpected cruise down the Mississippi that had so happily ended at Arden; and June always treasured the little flag with which she had waved a greeting to one of the Union heroes of Vicksburg; and it became a family possession whose history was often repeated as June told of the adventures of a little Yankee girl at Vicksburg.

FINIS

